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June

Oh! radiant June! with lip of song,
And eye of lucent light,
Upon the air is borne along
A breath of deep delight;
The sky is fair and golden now,
The woodlands sweet and clear,
And fragrant-plumed flower-heads bow,
For thou, fair June art here.

Oh! joyous June! the birds, and flowers,
And leaves of every tree,
Admire thy perfect grace; this hour
Draws each heart nearer thee;
The careless clouds of morn, the stars
Of silvery hue, the moon
All strike one note, no discord jars
Thy perfect anthem, June.

Oh! blessed June! each bridal breeze
Sings of a love divine,
That first awoke the tender trees,
And bade the sun to shine:
Thou'rt faultless fair! Great loveliness
To thee, dear June, is given,
Thy wondrous heart proclaims the love
Of Christ, the Lord of Heaven.

—W. Aileen Ward.

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The Panama Canal as it appears to-day—a view looking east showing the upper end of the upper locks and centre Gaillard wall, Balboa, Isthmus.

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The Effect of the Panama Canal on Canadian Commerce

FAVORED BY ADVANTAGEOUS STRATEGIC POSITION, WESTERN CANADA WILL BE IN LINE WITH NEW HIGHWAYS OF WORLD TRAFFIC AND WILL PROFIT LARGELY BY EXPANSION OF COMMERCE RESULTANT ON SHORTER ROUTES AND WIDER MARKETS

By Roy Fry

The Panama Canal, costing the United States \$400,000,000 will be ready next year. What will be the effect of its opening on Canadian commerce? The supremacy of Canada's natural strategic position, the prohibitive charges in the world's great trade routes, the resultant effect on Canadian commerce, and the facilities which Canada must provide to meet the new situation—these are the outstanding features considered in this article. Stated in a line, the United States is really presenting Western Canada with an investment of \$400,000,000 which will aid materially in its upbuilding and the expansion of its commerce.

WE ARE on the eve of the consummation of five centuries of effort to find or make a direct westerly route from Europe to the Orient. The task which the oldest nations of Christendom essayed and failed to accomplish, is nearing completion at the hands of the youngest of nations. When, a year or so hence, the Panama Canal shall be opened to the fleets and the merchant marine of the world, the dream of Columbus to sail from Spain to Cathay, with his prow ever pointing into the eye of the setting sun, will have become a possibility. The dream of the centuries!

What will it all mean for America and for Canada—the realization of this dream

as embodied in the bi-section of a hemisphere and the consequent modification and reversal of construction policies which will mark the development on the Pacific coast? America, already well advanced towards a mighty commercial destiny, will be aided enormously in its attainment by so gigantic a project—one which will rewrite the history of world transportation in shorthand and create for this continent an entirely new situation, fraught with possibilities so vast as to fairly dazzle the mind. And Canada, with her unrivaled strategic position and her unsurpassed national wealth, to an extent greater than that of any other nation,

will profit by the new era and the new times; indeed, it is doubtful if any other part of the world will be more profoundly influenced by the flow of trade resultant on a project which will revolutionize some aspect of the world's commerce, and will change fundamentally those elemental economic conditions upon which rest the great movements of world politics.

Little wonder then that it has been said, and with some degree of truth, that it would pay Canada to have dug the Panama Canal as a matter of dollars and cents, and that the United States, in completing the undertaking and throwing open to the commerce of the world the new highway, is in reality presenting British Columbia with an investment of \$400,000,000. The more conservative of Canadians will be disposed to challenge the accuracy of such an estimate. Yet it may well be said that few of us, even those on the Pacific coast, actually realize the potential possibilities involved; in order to grasp more clearly their significance and to measure more closely their application to western conditions, it is but necessary to consider the advantages offered. Beyond question the Panama Canal will mean millions to Canadian commerce.

CANADA'S NATURAL STRATEGIC POSITION.

The consideration of the advantages which the Panama Canal will offer to this country should be approached by some reference to Canada's natural strategic position of unrivalled supremacy. If, as has been said, "a goodly part of the future history of the world is to be written by those countries around and within the Pacific ocean, and that the sum total of economic value to the world's shipping which will be created by the Panama Canal will be something quite beyond any human foresight or computation," it follows that incredible riches are destined to flow into, and be developed in, those countries occupying the Western coast of North America which have good harbors, docking facilities, defences, a merchant marine and an adequate navy. Among the countries occupying this strategic position none has better natural advantages than those possessed by British Columbia, whose "long deep fjords cleave the continua-

ent, often for nearly a hundred miles, in the partially submerged transverse valleys which cut the coast range. These likewise have their arms reaching among the hills, and indeed, if the fancy be permitted, all the members of a centipede. Lying along that marvellous coast are landlocked harbors, and nooks and corners, and cubby-holes, and culs-de-sac, afloat where all the navies of the world might be hidden away from everything but an All-seeing Scrutiny. To all intents and purposes these inlets and inland channels and water-ways are as navigable rivers. Back of them, the stream and waterfall and glacier; behind these, inexhaustible resources of Nature awaiting the call of industry." Indeed, it is held that the whole coast of the British Columbian mainland is one vast landlocked harbor, and that the islands will furnish more when wanted. Moreover, every mile of this coastline is related to the Panama Canal, New Asia and the New Pacific. With natural advantages of so signal a character, Western Canada, provided enterprise is shown in furnishing the essential facilities which have been enumerated, should play no secondary part in the conquest of commerce, which will be waged on the new trade routes which will centre around its coast, with the opening of the Panama Canal, which will be a signal for all the great nations to rush in and struggle for supremacy.

NEW ROUTES AND WIDER MARKETS.

The new routes of travel will mean new fields of commerce for Canada, particularly for the Canadian West, which will be put as close to the great markets as Chicago and Montreal are now. In the course of a recent address before the Royal Colonial Institute at London, Dr. F. B. Vrooman, detailed these new routes and the markets they will open, in this graphic picture: "Take your map of the Western hemisphere. Draw your lines from New York to Valparaiso; from Victoria to New York; from Liverpool to Yokohama. Make Panama the hub of your commercial wheel. Number the trade routes which centre there to diverge again. You will at a glance that, not only is a new day dawning for Central America and for the North of South America, and for the West coast of North America, but for

some other far away lands as well. You will see new trade routes which the logic of events will lay out where never before they have been possible. Here is a brand-new ocean waterway to be. It will bring the Hudson and the Mississippi, the Orinoco and the Amazon, but little more than a possible week's sail from the Pacific Ocean; and it will bring the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, with their many seaports and with their vast resources, within a few days of it. The mouth of the Mississippi—and that means an increasing share of the trade from the largest and economically most important single area in the world, the great interior plain of North America in both the United States and Canada—will for purposes of commerce, be brought 581 miles nearer Valparaiso, Shanghai and Vancouver, Sydney and Wellington, Melbourne and Honolulu. Japan and the British possessions of the West Indies will be thrown across the very highways of world commerce and world progress. The whole shipping from Boston and New York to British Columbia ports will be shortened by 8,415 miles; from Victoria to Liverpool by 6,946 miles. At the present time British Columbia vessels sail but little farther, going to Liverpool than to New York, because they must sail round the most Eastern-most point of Brazil (Pernambuco), which is almost equidistant from these two ports on either side of the Atlantic. But Colon, on the Canal, is 1,720 miles from Liverpool and but 1,961 miles from New York, a commercial advantage of 2,759 miles in favor of the United States—if she only had the ships."

From the viewpoint of Canadian commerce, Dr. Vrooman's outlook on the changes which will be effected in the world's trade routes is altogether favorable. It may, however, be the part of wisdom to view the pending changes with caution. Every new trade route causes changes in the world's commerce, so that in regard to the Panama Canal the only question is involved in the form which the changes will take. English and German steamship companies are said to have been investigating the possibilities of the Canal and contemplating the arrangement of new services, but it is possible, according to Herr Ballin, the director-general of the

Hamburg-American Line, to attach too much significance to these reports. In his opinion the Canal, insofar as new routes and wider markets are concerned, will mean a great deal to the general trade of the world, and especially for that of the United States with the west coast of South America, as it will afford a much shorter route from Atlantic to Pacific ports, but he adds, "there is no occasion to exaggerate the importance of the changes which will be brought about. The new trade route will not open up entirely new countries to the commerce of the world; but will merely bring regions that are already partly developed into closer touch with North America and Europe."

Nevertheless it would seem that the great steamship companies of the world are preparing for a readjustment of routes. The North German Lloyd steamship line announces that it will establish direct service through the canal between Bremen and San Francisco at passenger and freight rates identical with those of its Bremen-New York line. The Hanse, another German line, will make Tacoma its terminal. The Belgians have their minds set on a line to Portland. One Japanese line will run eleven steamers of eight or ten thousand tons each, between Yokohama and New York. Another Japanese line will run to Brazil. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha is constructing five ships to run to Europe and the United States, and Vancouver reports that the Royal Mail Steamship Company, the biggest shipping enterprise in the world, will enter its port as soon as traffic arrangements via the Panama Canal are such that the big steamship companies can put on regular services, establishing a direct line between Vancouver and other Pacific coast ports with Great Britain, via the West Indies. Freights from the West coast destined for Atlantic coast ports will be transferred at Colon, as the company has several services along the Atlantic coast. Nor is that all. Reports to be presented at the International Congress of Navigation to be held shortly at Philadelphia indicate how great an advantage the Panama Canal will be to the American continent in the race for the rich trade of the Far East. The distance from New York to Yokohama will be reduced as against the Suez route by no less

than 3,822 leagues. When it is realized that the Panama Canal will admit ships that are much larger and therefore more economical as carriers than can possibly go through the Suez Canal, and that this advantage is gained by the entire American continent, it is seen how important a problem this becomes. The great development of the Dutch Indies, of Japan after the war, and the awakening of China, the opening up for foreign trade of the Manchuria, a rich country of an immense superficial area, are indications demonstrating that the commerce between Europe and the countries situated in the far side of the Suez Canal will undergo a very rapid change. Indeed, the Suez Company fully realizes the menace of the Panama Canal to its interests. It is insisted by Prince d'Asberg, president of the Suez Canal Company, that "the Panama Canal will be a complement rather than a competitor of the Suez Canal," yet it is a noteworthy fact that he also points out that the opening of the Panama Canal necessitates that the Suez Canal be improved "so as not to be behindhand in the march of progress."

EFFECT ON CANADIAN COMMERCE.

Having thus noted Canada's strategic position and outlined the markets which will be brought into closer proximity with the Western seaboard by the new waterway, let us consider briefly what advantages are likely to accrue to Canadian commerce.

When the Panama Canal is opened the commerce between the provinces of British Columbia and Alberta and possibly Western Saskatchewan and the European continent will no longer be water and rail commerce across the continent, but will be almost exclusively water-borne. By providing a cheap means of transportation for Alberta's cattle and grain and British Columbia's lumber, salmon, and fruit to Europe, the Panama Canal will improve the position of every farmer, rancher, lumberman, fruit-grower and fish-canning establishment within a thousand miles of any of the exporting centres on the Pacific coast. The canal route to Europe will have the great advantage of being an all-the-year-round route, whereas the combined rail and vessel route across the continent labors under the disadvantage of frozen

waterways that for five months in the year are useless. It is fairly certain that from December till May every year much grain will go to Europe by Pacific ports from points even in Saskatchewan Province too remote from St. John, Halifax, or Portland to make the long rail haul a profitable venture. It is said that freight rates between Liverpool and Vancouver across the continent will be materially diminished; also by way of Panama, which will halve the distance by way of Suez, and also by reason of the larger competition to be developed. It will practically halve the present freight rate between Vancouver and the ports of the British Isles. According to one authority "Even now, with the present excessive rates over the Rockies, wheat may be shipped in winter from Calgary to Liverpool more cheaply than by the all-rail route to St. John, New Brunswick. The winter rates to Liverpool are four-tenths of a cent per bushel in favor of Vancouver from Calgary. The eastern route is blocked by ice five months in the year. The British Columbia route is open twelve months in the year. The Panama Canal will give the decided advantage to Vancouver all the year round. From Calgary to the head of Navigation on Lake Superior (Fort William) is 1,260 miles. From Calgary to the port of Vancouver is 644 miles. It is now generally believed in the West by the shipping people that Vancouver will be the shipping port for the wheat of Alberta and Western Saskatchewan destined for Europe and the Southern States."

The traffic in grain alone will be an enormous consideration. The three prairie provinces produced upwards of three hundred million bushels of grain last year and it appears safe to predict, declares Sir Donald Mann, who has made a study of the Canadian Western situation in its relation to the Panama route, that in the not-distant future they will produce a thousand million bushels of grain a year. James B. Goodwin, the financial editor of the *Hearst* newspaper syndicate, thinks by the time the Canal is opened, Western Canada ought to have enough wheat to ship out of Vancouver to make it necessary for at least one 20,000 ton grain vessel to sail from that port every day in the year.

Nor is grain the only item. New markets will be found on the Atlantic for British Columbia lumber and paper. No doubt the greater demand will increase the price but the saving in freight will be substantial. The present freight rates from Vancouver to Liverpool are sixteen dollars per thousand feet. The Canal will give British Columbia a rate of about eight dollars per thousand feet. This difference per thousand will add to the value of British Columbia timber destined for Europe. It may be safely calculated that with the new markets which the Canal will open, and the lower rates, it will afford a lump increase in value to the 182,000,000 acres of merchantable timber of British Columbia of millions of dollars.

But the commercial effect of the new water route on British Columbia promises to be still more marked. To again quote Dr. Vrooman in his instructive address: "British Columbia is destined to be a vast Imperial industrial workshop. While her agricultural and horticultural possibilities are far beyond what is generally supposed, British Columbia is, in natural resources and raw materials of industry, one of the richest areas on the globe. But above all is she rich in mechanical power—water-power and coal. These are about to be opened up and developed. Their development soon will be beyond computation, for, roughly speaking, there is not an investment in British Columbia to-day which will not be directly increased in value by the new canal, but also much indirectly in the impetus given to development. This one thing—this canal—costing us nothing, will double, quadruple and quintuple values out there in a few brief years. With easier access will come new trade, and new demands will create new products, and soon the innumerable water-powers of British Columbia will start the wheels of a thousand new industries. The illimitable resources of the province will be opened up, developed, and utilized at home or shipped abroad. The value of every town lot and of every acre of land of the 335,000 sq. miles of the province will be greatly enhanced; town sites will be hewed out of the forests, and of the forests themselves every stick of wood of their 182,000,000 acres of forest and woodland, will be increased in value directly, by reason of

cheaper shipping alone to the extent of several dollars per thousand feet, and in the items of lumber and wood pulp alone the Panama Canal will make as a free gift to British Columbia considerably more than the United States is spending on the whole canal.

"The mines of British Columbia which have already produced over £70,000,000, will leap forward with renewed prosperity. Her fisheries, which have produced £21,000,000, will be more extensively developed and, let us hope, be made again a British asset, since they are wholly in the hands of the Japanese, who not only send their earnings home to Japan, but are criminally wasteful in their methods. The coal deposits of the province, which are the most extensive in the world, will, with immense deposits of iron, be opened to the world's markets. It is said that the coal fields of one small district in the Kootenay are capable of yielding 10,000,000 tons a year for over 7,000 years, and a new district has been discovered within the twelvemonth which the Provincial Mineralogist told me on Christmas Eve was the most important economic discovery ever made in British Columbia, where there are known to be 1,000 square miles of the best of anthracite, and which is probably the richest known anthracite district in the new world west of Pennsylvania."

What will all of this mean to Canadian commerce? The answer is not far to seek; it cannot mean other than a tremendous increase in inter-provincial and foreign trade and the rapid development of the Canadian West.

It will stimulate inter-provincial trade in Canada because a large proportion of the traffic, particularly the heavy freight traffic, between eastern and western Canada, that now goes across the continent at high railway rates or, as in the case of non-perishable goods, finds its way around the Horn or across the Isthmus, where it must be taken from the steamer at the Atlantic side, loaded on cars, carried across and transferred to another steamer on the Pacific side, will be sent from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard by vessel when the Canal is available. It is estimated that for heavy freight, such as steel rails, the opening of the Panama route will cut the haulage cost in two, and put Sydney into rela-

tively close touch with Vancouver, Victoria and Prince Rupert. While foreign trade is desirable, Canada should be ever mindful of her own inter-provincial trade. Speaking recently at New Westminster, Sir Donald Macna pointed out that every mile of railway that is built in the prairie provinces broadens their markets for lumbering, farming and fishing industries and that when the Panama Canal is built trade will flow through the coast cities to the interior and transportation companies will have to look for return cargoes both by land and sea, and when found, they will reduce the cost of transportation to a minimum. These return cargoes will be provided by the farmers of the plains. A large proportion of the resultant tonnage will find its way to the markets of the world through the harbors of the Fraser River, Burrard Inlet and through the Panama Canal. This enormous tonnage should make Vancouver and the Fraser River harbors some of the greatest ocean grain ports that the world has ever known.

As to the wider field of foreign commerce the advantages which the Panama Canal will offer Canada are equally great. The whole country will experience a quickening effect from the opening of the Canal and the joining of the two oceans. The West will have a new approach by a competitive sea route to all the ports of the Gulf and the Atlantic coasts of the United States as well as those of Great Britain and the Western shores of Europe. It will likewise have direct sea access to all the northern portion of South America, the Islands of the West Indies, Cuba and the eastern coast of Mexico and Central America. Canada is sure to reap additional prosperity from the new commercial and economic life that will come to the whole western coast of the Americas from Vancouver south ten thousand miles to Valparaiso in Chile.

This trade will be a big factor as will be seen by reference to figures. Our imports of all classes of goods from Britain last year amounted to \$86,575,000, Britain's exports to Canada being greater than to any foreign country except France, Germany and the United States; but when we consider the population of these countries as compared with that of Canada, it will be seen that the per capita exports to Canada

are very much greater than to any one of them. This trade should increase with direct access to the West, particularly in manufactured goods, of which we bought \$77,885,000 from Britain. Or, take the case of the West Indies with which we have recently effected a treaty. From the point of view of trade, the matter stands thus: The total trade between Canada and the Colonies included in the agreement, according to the Canadian returns for 1911, reached nearly \$15,000,000. The total trade between Canada and the Colonies which remain out, according to the same returns, was \$2,675,000; and of this amount over \$2,000,000 was with Jamaica, which did not send delegates to Ottawa. According to the Canadian returns for 1911, our imports from the British Indies as a whole, were \$6,469,000, and our exports to those colonies were \$4,113,000. The same year we sold to British Guiana goods worth \$622,000, and our imports were valued at \$3,783,000. The British West Indian figures, of course, include the colonies not adhering to the present agreement; but making allowance for this, the exports to the West Indies included in the agreement were about \$3,000,000; and the imports thereto were about \$4,800,000. Guiana trade is given separately, and is additional. Beyond question, under the favorable terms which have been made and the new waterway, the trade between Canada and the West Indies, already a considerable item, will be largely increased to the advantage of both parties in the exchange of natural products and manufactured goods. It has been estimated the nine islands, with a population of 1,000,000 people annually import food stuffs and manufactured articles amounting to \$46,000,000, which Canada could produce. Nor must Central and South America be overlooked with its wonderful trade prospects. The twenty Latin American countries, reaching from Mexico and Cuba south to Argentina and Chile, conducted last year a magnificent foreign trade in excess of two billions of dollars which, in turn, represents a remarkable increase of one hundred per cent. in the last ten years. As soon as the Panama Canal is completed, railroads will be built into the interior of those countries, their natural

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The Girl and the Graft

By O. Henry

THE other day I ran across my old friend Ferguson Pogue. Pogue is a conscientious graftor of the highest type. His headquarters is the Western Hemisphere, and his line of business is anything from speculating in town lots on the Great Staked Plains to selling wooden toys in Connecticut, made by hydraulic pressure from nutmegs ground to a pulp.

Now and then when Pogue has made a good haul he comes to New York for a rest. He says the jug of wine and loaf of bread and Thou in the wilderness business is about as much rest and pleasure to him as sliding down the humps at Coney would be to President Taft. "Give me," says Pogue, "a big city for my vacation. Especially New York. I'm not much fond of New Yorkers, and Manhattan is about the only place on the globe where I don't find any."

While in the metropolis Pogue can always be found at one of two places. One is a little second-hand bookshop on Fourth Avenue, where he reads books about his hobbies, Mahometanism and taxidermy. I found him at the other—his hall bedroom in Eighteenth Street—where he sat in his stocking feet trying to pluck "The Banks of the Wabash" out of a small zither. Four years he has practised this tune without arriving near enough to cast the longest trout line to the water's edge. On the dresser lay a blued-steel Colt's forty-five and a tight roll of tens and twenties large enough to belong to the spring rattlesnake-story class. A chambermaid with a room-cleaning air fluttered nearly the hall, unable to enter or to flee, scandalized by the stocking feet, against at the Colt's, yet powerless, with her metropolitan instincts, to remove herself beyond the magic influence of the yellow-hued roll.

I sat on his trunk while Ferguson Pogue talked. No one could be franker or more candid in his conversation. Be-

side his expression the cry of Henry James for lacteal nourishment at the age of one month would have seemed like a Chaldean cryptogram. He told me stories of his profession with pride, for he considered it an art. And I was curious enough to ask him whether he had known any women who followed it.

"Ladies?" said Pogue, with western chivalry. "Well, not to any great extent. They don't amount to much in special lines of graft, because they're all so busy in general lines. What? Why, they have to. Who's got the money in the world? The men. Did you ever know a man to give a woman a dollar without any consideration? A man will shell out his dust to another man free and easy and gratis. But if he drops a penny in one of the machines run by the Madam Eve's Daughters' Amalgamated Association and the pineapple chewing gum don't fall out when he pulls the lever you can hear him kick to the superintendent four blocks away. Man is the hardest proposition a woman has to go up against. He's a low-grade one, and she has to work overtime to make him pay. Two times out of five she's salted. She can't put in crumbers and costly machinery. He'd notice 'em and be on to the game. They have to pan out what they get, and it hurts their tender hands. Some of 'em are natural shiue troughs and can carry out \$1,000 to the ton. The dry-eyed ones have to depend on signed letters, false hair, sympathy, the kangaroo walk, cowhide whips, ability to cook, sentimental juries, conversational powers, silk underskirts, ancestry, rouge, anonymous letters, violet sachet powders, whiskeys, revolvers, pneumatic forms, carbolic acid, moonlight, cold cream and the evening newspaper."

"You are outrageous, Ferg," I said. "Surely there is none of this 'graft' as you call it, in a perfect and harmonious matrimonial union!"

"Well," said Pogue, "nothing that would justify you every time in calling up Police Headquarters and ordering out the reserves and a vaudeville manager on a dead run. But it's this way: Suppose you're a Fifth Avenue millionaire, soaring high, on the right side of copper and coppers."

"You come home at night and bring a \$89,000 diamond brooch to the lady who's staked you for a claim. You hand it over. She says, 'Oh, George!' and looks to see if it's backed. She comes up and kisses you. You've waited for it. You get it. All right. It's graft."

"But I'm telling you about Artemisia Blye. She was from Kansas and she suggested corn in all of its phases. Her hair was as yellow as the silk; her form was as tall and graceful as a stalk in the low grounds during a wet summer; her eyes were as big and startling as bunions, and green was her favorite color.

"On my last trip into the cool recesses of your sequestered city I met a human named Vauccross. He was worth—that is, he had a million. He told me he was in business on the street. 'A sidewalk merchant?' says I, sarcastic. 'Exactly,' says me. 'Senior partner of a paving concern.'

"I kind of took to him. For this reason, I met him on Broadway one night when I was out of heart, luck, tobacco and place. He was all silk hat, diamonds and front. He was all front. If you had gone behind him you would have only looked yourself in the face. I looked like a cross between Count Tolstoy and a June lobster. I was out of luck. I had—but let me lay my eyes on that dealer again."

"Vauccross stopped and talked to me a few minutes and then he took me to a high-toned restaurant to eat dinner. There was music, and then some Beethoven, and Bordelaise sauce, and cusing in French, and frangipangi, and some hamster and cigarettes. When I am flush I know them places.

"I declare, I must have looked as bad as a magazine artist sitting there without any money and my hair all rumpled like I was booked to read a chapter from 'Elsie's School Days' at a Brooklyn Bohemian smoker. But Vauccross treated me like a bear hunter's guide. He wasn't afraid of hurting the wailer's feelings."

"'Mr. Pogue,' he explains, 'I am using you.'

"'Go on,' says I; 'I hope you don't wake up.'

"And then he tells me, you know, the kind of man he was. He was a New Yorker. His whole ambition was to be noticed. He wanted to be conspicuous. He wanted people to point him out, and bow to him, and tell others who he was. He said it had been the desire of his life always. He didn't have but a million, so he couldn't attract attention by spending money. He said he tried to get into public notice one time by planting a little public square on the East Side with garlic for free use of the poor; but Carnegie heard of it and covered it at once with a library in the Gothic language. Three times he had jumped in the way of automobiles; but the only result was five broken ribs.

"'Ever try the reporters?' I asked him.

"'Last month,' says Mr. Vauccross, 'my expenditure for lunches to reporters was \$124.80.'

"'Get anything out of that?' I asks.

"'That reminds me,' says he; 'add \$8.50 for pepsi. Yes, I get indigestion.'

"'How am I supposed to push along your scramble for prominence?' I inquires. 'Contrast?'

"'Something of that sort to-night,' says Vauccross. 'It grieves me; but I am forced to resort to eccentricity.' And here he drops his napkin in his soup and rises up and bows to a gent who is devastating a potato under a palm across the room.

"'The Police Commissioner,' says my climber, gratified. "'Friend,' says I, in a hurry, 'have ambitions but don't kick a rung out of your ladder. When you use me as a stepping stone to salute the police you spoil my appetite on the grounds that I may be degraded and incriminated.'

"At the Quaker City squash en casserole the idea about Artemisia Blye comes to me.

"'Suppose I can manage to get you in the papers,' says I—'a column or two every day in all of 'em and your picture in most of 'em for a week. How much would it be worth to you?'

"'Ten thousand dollars,' says Vauccross, warm in a minute. 'But no murder,' says he; 'and I won't wear pink pants at a codillion.'

"'I wouldn't ask you to,' says I. 'This is honorable, stylish and unefeminate. Tell the waiter to bring a demi tasse and some other beans, and I will disclose to you the opus moderandi.'

"We closed the deal an hour later in the *cooco* rouge at noise room. I telegraphed that night to Miss Artemisia in Salina. She took a couple of photographs and an autograph letter to an elder in the Fourth Presbyterian Church in the morning and got some transportation and \$80. She stopped in Topeka long enough to trade a flashlight interior and a valentine to the vice-president of a trust company for a milonga and a package of five dollar notes with \$250 scrawled on the band.

"The fifth evening after she got my wire she was waiting, all decollete and dressed up, for me and Vauccross to take her to dinner in one of these New York feminine apartment houses where a man can't get in unless he plays *belle* and smokes depilatory powder cigarettes.

"'She's a stunner,' says Vauccross when he saw her. 'They'll give her a two-column cut out.'

"This was the scheme the three of us concocted. It was business straight through. Vauccross was to rush Miss Blye with all the style and display and emotion he could for a month. Of course, that amounted to nothing as far as his ambitions were concerned. The sight of a man in a white tie and patent leather pumps pouring greenbacks through the large end of a cornucopia to purchase nutriment and heresies for tall, willowy blondes in New York is as common a sight as blue turtles in delirious tremors. But he was to write her love letters—the worst kind of love letters, such as your wife publishes after you are dead—every day. At the end of the month he was to drop her, and she would bring suit for \$100,000 for breach of promise.

"Miss Artemisia was to get \$10,000. If she won the suit that was all; and if she lost she was to get it anyhow. There was a signed contract to that effect.

"Sometimes they had me out with 'em but not often. I couldn't keep up to their style. She used to pull out his notes and criticize them like hills of juding.

"'Say, you!' she'd say. 'What do you call this—Letter to a Hardware Merchant

from His Nephew on Learning that His Aunt has Neitlerash? You Eastern duffers know as much about writing love letters as a Kansas grasshopper does about tugboats. "My dear Miss Blye!"—wouldn't that put pink icing and a little red sugar bird on your bridal cake? How long do you expect to hold an audience in a court-room with that kind of stuff? You want to get down to business, and call me "Tweedledee Babe" and "Honeysuckle," and sign yourself "Mama's Own Bid Bad Puggy Waggy Boy" if you want any limelight to concentrate upon your sparse gray hairs. Get sappy.'

"After that Vauccross dipped his pen in the indelible tabasco. His notes read like something or other in the original. I could see a jury sitting up, and women tearing one another's hats to hear 'em read. And I could see piling up for Mr. Vauccross as much notoriety as Archbishop Crammer or the Brooklyn Bridge or cheese-on-salad ever enjoyed. He seemed mighty pleased at the prospects.

"They agreed on a night! and I stood on Fifth Avenue outside a solemn restaurant and watched 'em. A process-server walked in and handed Vauccross the papers at his table. Everybody looked at 'em; and he looked as proud as Cicero. I went back to my room and lit a five-cent cigar, for I knew the \$10,000 was as good as ours.

"About two hours later somebody knocked at my door. There stood Vauccross and Miss Artemisia, and she was clinging—to his arm. And they tells me they'd been out and got married. And they articulated some trivial evidences about love and such. And they laid down a handle on the table and said 'Good night,' and left.

"And that's why I say," concluded Ferguson Pogue, "that a woman is too busy occupied with her natural vocation and instinct of graft such as is given her for self-preservation and amusement to make any great success in special lines."

"What was in the bundle that they left?" I asked, with my usual curiosity.

"Why," said Ferguson, "there was a scalper's railroad ticket as far as Kansas City and two pairs of Mr. Vauccross' old pants."

Across Newfoundland

BROAD GAUGE SENSATIONS ON A NARROW GAUGE RAILWAY
—AN IDEAL OUTING FOR THE SUMMER TOURIST

By W. Lacey Amy

If, as we are told in this article, Newfoundland glories in the native possession of everything a tourist could wish for—scenery, pure air, game, fish, water routes, why is it that so few Canadians avail themselves of the opportunity it offers during the tourist season? Possibly they are unfamiliar with its charms and advantages? In that case the "broad-gauge sensations on a narrow-gauge railway," which are here presented in Mr. Amy's descriptive article, "Across Newfoundland," will be doubly interesting to Canadian readers.

IF Newfoundland were more difficult of access there might be some reason for the delay in its acceptance as the goal of the summer tourist. There are places offering less in the ease of transportation, and infinitely less in interest, that are over-run from June to September. But the old British colony on the east coast of Canada, an island whose natural destiny is confederation with Canada, has somehow missed the list of calling places of the majority of the summer sightseers. Every year thousands pass within sight of it on the way to Europe, shudder at the inhospitable bit of coast they glimpse, and never come any closer.

IDEAL FOR THE TOURIST.

But Newfoundland glories in the native possession of everything a tourist could wish for—scenery, pure air, game, fish, water routes, everything but the accommodation that will come with the tourist, not before him. Its ease of approach is unaccountably unknown. Taking Toronto as a centre, there is nothing ahead of the transportation comforts of the International Limited to Montreal. Connecting at the same station with the Intercolonial, with just enough wait to avoid rush, the Government railway completes the remainder of the journey with-

in Canada—a railway of unrivaled manage, and those necessities of easy sleep, a good road-bed and careful engines on the train de luxe, the Ocean Limited.

At North Sydney direct connection is made with the "Invermore," the Reid-Newfoundland steamer that has taken the place of the wrecked "Bruce," of spectacular ice-breaking fame. A hundred miles across Cabot Straits at Port aux Basques the Reid-Newfoundland train awaits the boat, and twenty-eight hours afterwards deposits the passengers at St. John's, on the other side of the island, after a journey that is brimming over with oddities, good service and unique attractions.

The trip across Newfoundland might be said to commence at North Sydney. There you board the transportation system that provides every mile of rail on the island and circles it with a boat service remarkable for its impartiality of stops; and one boat continues a thousand miles north from St. John's into the northern ocean wilds of Labrador, along a barren coast that seems to offer nothing but interest to the traveler, who has not been frightened away by the mere name of the country he is passing.

It was a night for ocean trips when I pulled out about ten o'clock from the wharf at North Sydney. A ruddy moon,

unnaturally large from its lowness in the sky, was casting enough light to leave everything in doubt. The lights of North Sydney twinkled in a thousand ripples on the surface of the wind-blown water. In the distance on our right was the lighted hillside that supported the sister town of Sydney, and into the centre of this polka-dot of lights the red glow of smelters threw

heavens lit into a great glow from the smelters at Sydney Mines.

The following morning, so early that few had yet come on deck, the treeless rocks of Newfoundland broke through the fog and Port aux Basques gradually unfolded as a big name without the inhabitants to justify it. The sun came out enough to show that it intended to con-



The Humber River.

a vivid shaft far into the sky. The steady lights of the "Canada," a Canadian gunboat, showed where the sunbore boat lay out of the track of the shipping. The bright lights of an ocean freighter slipped past us and dwindled into little blurs with the spout of the town. Far ahead a continuous flash marked the end of the harbor. Beyond it in the open ocean a fog reflected back the revolving of the beacon through the half of the circle turned from us. And just inside the harbor the

tinne operations even outside of Canada, and an enthusiastic photographer rushed to the bow of the boat to take advantage of the first time in a great number of trips that he had found Port aux Basques unveiled with fog. On the wharf a few feet from the boat stood the waiting train, looking for all the world like any Canadian train, and guarded by a grey-suited porter with the look of responsibility and dignity that should accompany the combination of parlor-car conductor and porter.

But we had not arrived yet. As benefits the government of an island that is not large enough to have business enough to provide reason enough for despatch, we were forced to wait for something, what it was I never found out. First of all, the

tourist—and a great deal more to attend to the carrying out of a lot of red tape that irritated unnecessarily the very people it seems to want. For instance, you can't carry any kind of camera into Newfoundland without making a deposit on it. Old



TROUT POOL AT LITTLE CODROY.

second-class passengers had to be examined by a doctor who climbed on board and utilized the smoking room for the operation. And by the time they decided that all the formalities of pompous business had been carried out with effect the government condescended to allow the first-class passengers to alight—in order to go through that rigid inspection that makes reason for officials, and, as one officer put it, "ensures that the traveler will not forget Newfoundland for a while."

Newfoundland spends quite a bit of money advertising its attractions for the

or new, cheap or dear, every camera means a bit of money out of your pocket into the government's until you wish to leave the country. With a number of other travelers I had my fieldglasses over my shoulder when I passed into the immigration shed. Immediately I had passed through the door I noticed an official settle his eye on me until I thought there must be a warrant for me, at least.

"I guess you're interested in a camera I have in here, anyway," I said apologetically, as I opened my suitcase. I thought

I would forestall any suspicions he might have.

"Yes, and we're interested in those," he answered, not looking at my suitcase but pointing at my fieldglasses case. I began to wish I had not worn a tiepin or a pair of shoes; I had not provided for leaving a deposit on everything I had with me.

In the inner room where you part with your money a good-natured official was taking in more coin than a western real estate office or a circus wicket. A man ahead of me seemed to have outfitted him-

"And your glasses," he continued. "I see you have them."

The man looked amazed. "Are you going to make me deposit on those? Say, I've been in every other country on this green earth but this small island, and this gets me. What do you think I'm going to do with these things? Kill carbon?"

"That's so," reflectively. "And I might sell my hat and my jack-knife and my shirt."

The official saw no use of arguing. "What are these guns worth, and these



PARKER'S RIVER.

self for the purpose of temporarily financing the Newfoundland government. The official had the camera in front of him and was paying close attention to the buckles on the strap as if he feared some foul scheme were contemplated there.

"Fishing rods?" he asked, picking up a couple of cases.

The owner made an estimate.

"And you'll want a fishing license," remarked the man-of-red-tape, reaching for the forms.

A minute later the traveler was handed a number of papers, with an extended hand awaiting the fees and deposit. He looked at the papers a moment. It was a big hill.

"Say, mister," he said in a voice of hushed awe, "I didn't bring the bank with me. Ten dollars to fish—I see that. And you charge me for most of what I have with me. But I don't see what this fifty cents is for."

"That," responded the official genially, "is to pay for the license—the piece of paper."

"Oh, I see. I pay ten dollars for the fishing license and fifty cents to show I

you. I know I'm too honest, but I've got a fountain pen here you've evidently overlooked."

The coin-collector smiled and went on to make out my deposit slip.

"And say," went on the man just as the door closed on him, "are there any more officials need the money. You've got almost all the money I brought; and I've simply got to eat."

Were the officials as eager to place obstacles in the way of pleasant entry the "Inverness" might as well stop running. Fortunately they obey instructions with the greatest good-cheer and kindness, conscious that they are the fingers of a re-



St. John's River.

paid the ten dollars. Are you sure it isn't necessary to prove I paid the fifty cents?" He handed over the money and I stepped into place.

"Say, mister," he interrupted as he picked up his cases, "I'm afraid I'm doing

lethal, mistaken hand. Only in my contact with the immigration department was there a jarring note in the whole trip; thereafter Newfoundland filled the bill.

To be sure you can reach St. John's by boat, but then one misses the most inter-

esting part of the island, the trip across. The train pulls out from Port-aux-Basques along the sea-arms that are confined within bare rock. For miles there is nothing but these and a little shrub-covered soil. It was startling in this barrenness to

and section houses and interested groups at the few stations. This freedom from human evidence came home most vividly when, after traveling for hours without more than a fleeting glimpse of a habitation, we came out again upon the sea shore



Bay Roberts, Newfoundland.

come suddenly upon a conventional railway crossing sign, out of the ordinary only in that it was out of plumb. No sign of a road was near it, or the possibilities of one. Not a house was within sight, a condition that prevails throughout nine-tenths of the trip until within an hour of St. John's. It is its lonely wastes, its wild rocks and distant mountains, its winding, gurgling, unrestrained streams and tree-bound lakes, its striking separation from all that is mark of man—it is this great loneliness that makes the attraction of Newfoundland's railway trip the more unique even for the tiny breaks of shacks

and saw two sickly shacks standing close together upon a rocky ledge overhanging the water and propped up by heavy poles; and in front of them a man gazed fixedly after the train, until he was lost to view, a lonesome, dreary, fellow-hungry man who had laid off his work, whatever it was, because it was Sunday.

To the stranger the most impressive sight is the vast stretches of "barrens" all across the island, covered in parts with low shrubs growing so thickly that they can scarcely be taken from the ground itself. Often I would be gazing across miles of this growth unconscious for the moment



Little River at Bay D'Espoir.

that it was not green-covered ground. And then come the weirdest of Newfoundland's offerings, the tracts of dead, white tree trunks, bleached into an unbelievable whiteness by the wind and rain and sun. Standing there in all their deformities of knots and broken branches and curled trunks these twisted things stick their contorted arms menacingly into the air like tombstones of blasted lives. Here and there the second last stage of this whitened death appears in some crooked, stubby old tree covered with moss and looking so sorry it cannot die outright and end it all.

But Newfoundland makes up for this sepulchre of past ages almost before the trees have passed. A vivid flash of purple spots the roadside, then more of it; and backed by a fresh forest of deep green, the acres on acres of purple flowers change the feeling—flowers that grow so closely

that the ground is a mantle of purple. The most vivid color-effect I ever saw came on me as the train slowly climbed a grade. A field of brighter, lighter purple than usual was nearest the track. Behind it was a stretch of the same flowers but in noticeably darker hue. Then the color passed abruptly into the deep, black-evergreen of the native low-set trees, and after that into a lighter green of taller verdure. Finally, a few leafy trees had managed to clutch a life from the soil long enough to gain their color; but the effort had expended their energies and the leaves were turning the light yellow of coming dissolution.

Water lilies there are of unheard size and beauty. Only a suggestion of the water that lay underneath came through the thick flowers of pond after pond—lilies that had never been touched byught but the breath of heaven on ponds that

had never seen anything of human life but the railway. Every passenger in our car gazed with envy on the huge white flowers; but the flowers will come again next year and the next, and for so many more before they are disturbed by grasping fingers that these that grip now in anticipation will be but memories.

Tree-life varies from the tiny full-grown tree of certain parts of the wastes not more than six inches high to the great lumber woods around Bay of Islands and further east. The wooded slopes of Newfoundland are so imposing that the unforgivable approach of stunted growth and barren rock and whitened stumps is a slander on what brightens the eye later on.

Of the larger works of nature the mountains are, of course, the most imposing.

With the sea of the West coast still in sight the first of the mountains break into the stretches of rock on the sea side of the train. When I saw them on the Sunday it was through a veil of rain for the first few miles. And when the rain decided to retire for a few hours there was still a mist around the peaks that added to their seeming height and brought into relief the evergreen trees below and the dashing white of the mountain torrents rushing to the sea so close at hand. Running along the Humber River near Bay of Islands the mountains tower on both sides, bare, precipitous rocky slopes of mingled shades of grey and white. Further along one of the best-known sights of the line is the group of three peaks that rise from the level rock into rounded knobs, verdureless, unaccountable, conspicuous. The



Bay D'East River.

Three Topsides are odd enough to merit a great part of their publicity, but not of sufficient importance to overhang other features less advertised.

BEAUTY SPOTS OF THE LAND.

The beauty spots of the island are Bay of Islands and the last twenty miles of the journey. Along Bay of Islands for miles the railway follows the dips and rises of the mountains, and the passengers look down upon a hill-enclosed strip of water that runs up thirty miles from the ocean. All along the water's edge on both sides, and climbing up the hillsides are indefinite villages that cannot distinguish their outskirts from their neighbours'. Fishing boats float along in all stages of dress and undress, and home-made wharves and fish-stages give access to the deeper water. A couple of hours before St. John's is reached the railway skirts an arm of the sea, providing a scene beauty unsurpassed. Winding in and out with the rocky beach the train rushes down to the water's level, climbs wearily up again until it overlooks its route of a few minutes before; and all the time a new vista of sun-slicked water and drying cod and peaceful hamlets and full-sailed schooner-drifts by. Then leaving the water, the outlying resorts of St. John's show that here as elsewhere the resident demands provision for his motor trips and week-ends.

Newfoundland is badly mutilated by rivers and lakes, but the scars are not unsightly by any means. Rivers supply the only possible passage through the mountains, and make up for this assistance by necessitating a bridge at every mile-post. Lakes are everywhere, from the pond in size to the one dangerous to boat on in storms. Deer Lake, Grand Lake, and a host of others are visible from the car windows for miles at a time. Seal lie lazily on the rocks in the former as the train passes, making the eye hard to believe when the traveler knows that he is a hundred miles from the ocean. From those larger lakes the size varies down to the pools that dot certain parts in countless numbers. It is strange to see a dozen pools on different levels and divided from

each other by a mere foot of moss; but the rock in which the water lies is an effective dam.

Did Newfoundland fit itself out as it deserves there would be a stopping place for the interested traveler at every turn. There is simply no end to the pleasures offered by nature. But the regular tourist traffic has not yet discovered Newfoundland, or there would be a waiting from the summer resorts of eastern North America. That accounts for the comparative lack of good hotels across the island. There are scores of houses that provide for the fisherman, and suit him admirably; but in regularly organized hotels Newfoundland will need to abound when the country is found out.

At Spruce Brook there is a log cabin, a large affair with all the native attraction of its name and the comfort that can be supplied by a greater knowledge of the fancies of the summer tourist than of the ordinary sources of profit of a summer resort. The train stops regularly near the quaint structure, although there is not another building but section house. The two Englishmen who are its proprietors have remained steadfast to their faith after the destruction of these previous cabins by fire. The fare is better than Newfoundland appears to be able to maintain further on, and although there is more to entice the hunter and fisherman than the regular tourist there is rest here as in few other places. An hour away, a hotel at Bay of Islands provides most of what is needed to make this beautiful section a dream for the lover of scenery and entrancing water-trips. After that there is little in the way of accommodation that can be heartily recommended until the east coast is approached, but a score of small hotels and boarding houses are good enough to make them worth a visit. Bishop's Falls and Grand Falls are interesting as the centre of great pulp industries, the latter being owned by Harmsworth and operated for his many publications in England. Near the east coast several branch lines proceed to delightful seaside villages of unique interest and possible fare; and the former is usually so great that the latter is forgotten.

The Unsuccessful Alumnus

By Rose Henderson

THE dinner was a long one. There were songs between the courses, and the courses were many. The banquet hall was gay with light and color. The class of 1898 was proud of its college spirit and class loyalty. This was 1908, but there were few empty chairs at the long table. The toasts were beginning at last. The master of ceremonies rose, bland and smiling, to present the first speaker.

Arthur Hammond sat gazing at his programme without seeing it. He had not attended a class dinner for years. Always he had been ahead or had had other engagements. He knew that his name was there at the bottom of the page, the last on the list, and opposite his name was the subject of his toast. The subject seemed burned into his brain, seemed to dance before his eyes in a variety of fantastic shapes. It oppressed and tortured him.

"The Unsuccessful Alumnus!" He snarled the words under his breath. He did not hear the voice of the toast-master, and realized in only a vague way that the man had begun speaking. Hammond was trying to recall the theme that he had worked out before he came to the banquet hall. There had been a few finely-wrought sentences, a general outline in his mind, the whole ready to be thrown off with the careless grace and impromptu wit that had made Hammond popular as an after-dinner speaker. The thing had seemed rather better than the average when he went over it before leaving his hotel. He had congratulated himself upon handling a somewhat dull and difficult subject with a novelty and dash that would pass it off cleverly. As he sat there with the lights gleaming over the faces of his friends, the whole treatment seemed trite and frivolous and unworthy of the time and place. He saw the class banner, the colors draped along the wall and about the pillars. The old songs were ringing in his ears. "The Unsuccessful Alumnus," he said again,

trying to arouse his brain to new action. It was as if he had overdrunk or the wines had been drugged.

He had chosen to regard the subject lightly, humorously, to show the easy, tranquil attitude of the unsuccessful alumnus. There were no overpowering responsibilities, no insomnia, no nerve strain, for the man who was a comfortable and respectable drunk.

"Yes," he thought grimly; "I'm that sort. I ought to know the advantages."

He was not generally regarded as a failure. No one knew that better than he. The charming nonchalance of his manner, the brilliant social power of the man, the inborn grace and culture, the wealth at his command—all these had been the envy and admiration of his less fortunate associates. But Hammond was regarding these attributes in a new light this evening, and the harsh revealing power of the view stunned him. The mood came suddenly and held him with merciless insistence as he sat there in the guest-filled hall.

He studied the faces of his classmen. What a noble company! He had forgotten how tremendously in earnest these fellows were. He looked down the long line on either side of the table. Some heads were already touched with gray. There was a gravity in the midst of their gaiety, a subdued dignity in their heartless laughter. When they sang the old songs in an exuberant chorus, a sweet, new power seemed to tremble in their deep voices. These men had found the thick of the world's struggle, and they had stayed in to the finish. He was the failure, the unsuccessful alumnus. What business had he with an honored place among them?

At his right hand sat Tim Murphy, the Irish wit of class-room days; red-headed Murph, who came into college as penniless, as damnable, and as full of jokes as he went out. It would be worth while to

have wealth and honor and preferment if they came, the result of individual effort, as they had come to Murphy. At his left was Ginter, a round-shouldered "dig" with a crippled foot. Hammond signed as he studied the clean-cut profile, and remembered that this man had stirred the world to admiration by his engineering feats. He had passed in the tests that try brain and muscle and physical endurance. His work would stand in the material and industrial progress of all time. No matter what others might accomplish, his record could not be discounted.

He saw Bobby Mathews at the foot of the table, a man with money and leisure, but no incident weakness. His scientific writings were regarded as authority by the best men in his profession. There was E. C. Kern, fat, blonde, and dimpled—about the same old pippin, no doubt. It was not consoling to find himself in the company of this wheezy, red-faced laggard. Brown was a preacher, Beauchamp an artist, and Carter a newspaper man. Hammond did not know the careers of all of them, but the men he knew best, those who were his closest friends in the old days, seemed to have outstripped him to a man.

Hammond thought contemptuously of his own similes life. Ten years ago he had had dreams and ambitions. He had desired places such as these men held. They had won, and he had failed, or what was more shameful, he had not really tried. He had tramped upon the fair ideals of his youth. He had wealth, birth, health, and a brilliant mind, and he had failed. He had been content to live with the playthings of life, had been proud of the fact that he was a desirable drawing-room accessory. He looked again at his names and, opposite, the subject of his toast. The words were galling, condemning.

"I had fixed up a bluff, a ploy," he said bitterly, "and I needed one."

There was laughter and applause and the clinking of glasses. Hammond smiled at Brenner, who was speaking to him across the table. "I beg your pardon?" he said. "I say that was a bully toast!" cried Brenner, his face heaving with boyish enthusiasm.

"Great," agreed Hammond, glancing at his programme,

The master of ceremonies rose again and began a lengthy and flattering introduction. Hammond started. The words seemed descriptive of himself. Those were the things people usually said about him. He leaned forward, his lips working nervously. There had been a change in the programme. Some one had failed to appear, and his toast was to come next. Hammond clutched his chair and went pale. The introductory words of his prepared speech came to his mind, but he put them away and sent his brain groping after new sentences. He studied the lines on Tim Murphy's face, and the blood came throbbing back to his temples. A rustle of expectancy seemed to follow the announcement of his name.

"The Unsuccessful Alumnus," said the chairman, smiling, "by one of the most successful."

When Hammond stood up and bowed at the close of the introduction, the table rang with applause. He leaned carelessly against his chair. There was no trace of nervousness in his easy acknowledgment.

"The same old smile," whispered Tim Murphy tenderly.

Hammond never knew just what his first words were. He had put away the old speech, and the new one was yet unformulated. He felt himself halting a moment and feeling blindly for phrases. Then he was rambling reminiscently among past scenes. He recalled the glory of old contests, the fervor of forensic battles, the football field with the old yell rippling up the air that was charged with youthful enthusiasm. He saw the *Varsity* colors, glad, glorious streamers waving proudly and defiantly over struggling heroes. His sentences caught fire from the spirit of those memories.

His classmen were listening eagerly. He felt the thrill of their sympathetic attention. He looked into their eyes and decided that the thing was worth while. He had posed long enough. The greatest thing in the world seemed at that moment simply to be true. The brave boyish standards that he had forsaken arose before him. He had been a coward, a cheat, a fraud. It was as if he had shirked on the football field with the whole team fighting toward the goal. But the old call had come back to him, and he was being game.

The men about the table leaned eagerly toward the tense, erect figure of the speaker. Their eyes were misty, and their hearts swelled with the warm love and fellowship that college men never forget. They had been jostled about in the world of business, of politics, and of finance. Some of the beautiful standards that had been cherished ten years ago had at times seemed boyish and impractical. But as they listened to the ringing words of their classman, the old vows were repudiated, the old faith was again sworn to.

It was unlike Hammond, this flinging down of reserve, but something finer than the old pride shone in his eyes. The careless indifference was gone, and in its place were the buoyancy and determination of youth. He spoke of his own past with bitterness and sorrow. He praised the honor and clean effort of his classmen, and fixed his future with the glowing courage of new resolve. Then, lifting his glass, he said with the old winsome smile:

"Gentlemen, here's to the Unsuccessful Alumnus! These are the last sad rites."

The men sprang to their feet, the glasses clinked, and the applause rang tumultuously. Tim Murphy shook hands with the speaker and with every one else in his immediate neighborhood.

"What's the matter with Hammond?" cried a voice at the foot of the table, and Bobby Mathews stood on his chair, flourishing his napkin and leading the foolish old yell.

"He's all right!" thundered the roiling chorus, and Hammond felt a thrill that he had not known since the days when he came in first on the hurdles. He sank back in his chair, and the dear old songs went on. He did not sing, but he listened with new interest. He was part of the crowd once more.

The lights shone over the bowers, the class colors, and the bright banners. They were singing the old "Jubilee-song," with his name in the chorus, and the unsuccessful alumnus sat with bowed head.



Deathless Love

Helen's lips are drifting dust;
Iliion is consumed with rust;
All the gallions of Greece
Drink the ocean's dreameless pease;
Lost was Solomon's purple show
Restless centuries ago.
Stately empire wax and wane—
Babylon, Barbary and Spain—
Only one thing, undefaced,
Lies, though all the worlds lie waste
And the Heavens are overturned
Dear, how long ago we learned!

—M. Dixon.

Canadians In Aviation

OTHER NATIONS MAY SUPPLY AIRSHIPS, BUT CANADA IS NOT BEHIND IN FURNISHING DARING MEN TO OPERATE THEM

By James Grant

Canadians have played no small part in the modern conquest of the air. When Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, took up the problem of flying machines and sought "a young man" as an assistant, he came to Canada for him—and found one, too. In aeronautics human life is the most potent factor. France, England, Germany, and the United States may supply the best engines and best designs, but Canada has not been behind in supplying the more precious element—men, and brave ones, too. In this article the story of Canadian achievements in aviation is told.

A FEW years ago an elderly man came to Toronto to look for a man. He was Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone. But it was not the telephone that interested him. Having conquered that problem he was engaged upon another, the study of aeronautics. For this reason he sought a man—a young man.

"What sort do you want?" asked the man to whom he applied for advice.

"I want a fellow of good sound body, good sound brain and some knowledge of gasoline engines."

"Well," replied the adviser, "I think I know of one. I'll send him to you."

Meantime up at the University of Toronto a certain student had heard of Graham Bell's quest and had determined that he and he alone was capable of filling the position. He too sought the man with whom Bell had conferred, and laid before him his plan.

"Look here, doc," he said, "I hear there's a fellow called Bell in town and he wants a man. I'm the man and I want an introduction. Will you do it?"

"C-y," replied the "doc," "you won't do. Dr. Bell wants a healthy—"

"I'm healthy."

"I said a healthy bodied, healthy headed young man—"

"I—"

"Wait a moment—who knows something about gasoline engines?"

The younger man's face fell.

"Humph!" he said. "Engines."

"Yes, engines."

There was a pause while the younger man studied the grass on the campus. Then he looked up suddenly.

"Look here, doc," he said, "I want that job that suits me right down to the ground. I've set my mind on getting it and I'm going to. Now, listen. I want you to give me five days to learn about gasoline engines. Meantime if you recommend anybody else I'll beat you."

At the end of five days you take me to Graham Bell and I bet I'll know enough about gasoline engines to pass the Medical Council of Toronto."

So he disappeared.

Now this is the true story of how one Canadian came to enter the field of aviation. His name is known to this day, not so much for his accomplishments as an air-man, although they are considerable, as for his record in University and in a certain boys' boarding school in Southern Ontario. At the mention of his name old Varsity men smile and shift their pipes to tell a new story of C-y; how he picked a quarrel in a New York restaurant and

trummed five waiters by the aid of an Irish policeman off duty; how, one summer vacation he beat his way to Holland on a sailing ship whereof the skipper used to chase the cook around the deck with spoiled biscuits, while the passengers played the roll of bucko mate. They tell stories of his gory victories in football dressing rooms, in miles with French policemen in Montreal, and how, in his perpetual search for a good chance to fight, he righted not a few wrongs and then ran away for fear he should be given the credit. In short this is the story of a rolling stone that was forever seeking fight and finding them. But this time he sought knowledge of gasoline, and a job.

How he found it, no one knows. He borrowed text books, he bought gasoline and read the directions on the tin; he hired a chauffeur to explain every detail of every motor in a certain public garage, then he returned to Varsity, found a freshy who owned a motor-cycle, and under threat of physical punishment obtained permission to take the engine to pieces, and put it together again. These things done, he presented himself to "doc" and demanded the introduction to Graham Bell. Bell approved and a bargain was made. Thus began the career of one Canadian as a student of aeronautics.

Dr. Bell has not yet accomplished all that he had hoped for in connection with his experiments in Baedek, Nova Scotia, but he has added to the wealth of data which students of aeronautic engineering require, and is still engaged, it is said, in his studies and experiments. Meantime the two young men of whom the foregoing is one, have no small place in the estimation of flying men. The one to whom particular reference has been made became, since his departure from the University, an authority on gas engines, and is at present experimenting with hydro-planes.

Canada has, as yet, not done much in field of flying unless it be in contributing her quota of hardy young men to operate monoplanes and risk their lives in the making of new records. Among aviators nationality does not seem to count so much in the fact that all airmen are brothers. One would almost think that the ability to fly overcame the linguistic disabilities of any two aviators. There are

so many things and such great things between the brotherhood that words scarcely express their thoughts, and mere nationality sinks into the background.

It happens, however, that when an aviator comes to grief, tries a spiral dip or some other dangerous manoeuvre, and fails, the reporters find out his home address to send news to his home paper and thereby reveal the fact of his nationality. Not long ago an aviator fell in Chicago. "A Canadian" said the newspaper dispatch. It was the first knowledge the Canadian public had that one of Canada's sons had entered the field of the aeroplane operator. Before his death he had been known as "an aviator," and except in special international competitions, this is the only nationality recognized.

A Montreal taxi-cab driver arrived at Paris one morning not long ago and set out to see the sights. When he had finished, he had indeed seen everything, had spent all his money and in addition had succeeded in acquiring what he thought was a taste for absinthe. His nerves had been shaken. His self-respect was tottering. He was in a bad way.

He found himself one morning on the edge of a flying field; there was to be a meet. Mechanics were busy in the hangars. Owners and adventurers packed up and down gauging the conditions.

The ex-taxi-cab driver, knowing something of Canadian French, and having adjusted this knowledge to Paris French, listened to some of the conversations and as he listened his suddenly mind began to stir with new-born interest. It was love of mechanics that had led him to leave an engineering course in McGill to take charge of a certain rich man's motor. It was the same love that led him to run a taxi-cab when the rich man had "gone broke" and he had failed to secure other suitable employment. But the love which he had bestowed on the aristocratic engine of the French touring car was not the love he bestowed on the jaded taxi-motor. The one he worshipped; the other he abused and berated, and he had become rough in handling the clutch.

But now, as he listened to the conversation of the airmen and saw the mechanics examining tenderly the throbbing creations of the finest motor engineers in Europe, his real love of engines came back. The dull brain revived and the ex-

student took a new grip on things and listened.

"Oh!" muttered one clear-eyed man to another walking beside him. "It is going to be a good sky. Weather like this is rare. It is very good."

"Yes," said the other, "better to-day. Yesterday was very bad. Going up yesterday afternoon the propeller held well but on the descent there seemed to be too many pockets and holes."

"I do not like that sort of weather but what is worse is a sticky air. C'est abominable! I will take it when it is choppy, or smooth or rough, but sticky weather—I do not like it. It saps the vitality from the engine, it makes the wings heavy, it is hard to see ahead properly and one leaves the run with wind on the tires. Ugh!"

The ex-taxi-cab driver sneered at the "delicate" gesticulations of the great aviator. He disapproved of the pinches. But he liked the suggestion of romance which came from the conversation. It delighted him to learn the new terms of a new profession. Instinctively he squared his shoulders and made a new resolution. That night he had employment—cleaning motors. He cut down his allowance of absinthe. He was beginning to be a man once more.

One morning, so it is said, Bleriot came to him.

"Gareon," he said, "they tell me that you understand the motor."

"I do."

"I have a motor which is ailing. It has an affliction—I know not what. I will employ you if you wish to earn more wages."

The man went.

Another day Bleriot came and asked personal questions of the man.

"See," he said, "do you employ absinthe?"

"Oui, M'sieu, a little."

"You must cease to use it."

"Yes, M'sieu" Bleriot.

"Yes, because I shall leave to you the inspection of my machine always. It shall depend upon you to see that the motor is in order, that the nuts and bolts are sound and that everything is as it should be. I will myself inspect the machine before I use it, because that is habit, but my life is in your hands, gareon, and there must be no more absinthe."

And there was no more. The drifting chauffeur had checked himself in his downward career. His color came back and the light in his eyes. The nimbleness came back to his fingers and the love of engines began to change to a certain ambition—an ambition to fly.

Thus it came about finally that he flew. Bleriot permitted it and gave him instructions. One morning he was given carte blanche and he flew.

This man—his name we are not at liberty to use, for obvious reasons—is now one of the foremost monoplanes men in Europe, but more than that, in the Aero club he is one of the most popular and one of the best-loved men in lesser Paris. He had been ordinary among the ordinary. With his use as an aviator his very character changed. The exhilaration of flying, the "inspiration" of it brought out qualities in the man which had not been dreamed of.

Canadians have become recruits and even leaders in the aviation army largely because of their venturesome natures, their hardiness and their good nerve. There are said to be two Canadians in the service of Italy in Tripoli. These men are earning enormous salaries—so rumor has it—to ascend in the Italian aeroplanes and reconnoitre forces of the enemy.

This story is not confirmed, but it is said by a French manufacturer of airships, who was formerly associated with Santos Dumont and who was in Montreal recently, that one Canadian, formerly a newspaper man in Winnipeg, had enlisted with the Italians as the result of a wager. He and another aviator had laid a bet that one make of engine consumed less petrol per mile than a certain other make. He lost and was compelled by the terms of the wager to offer himself to the Italian agent who was at the time in Paris securing the men he required. It reflects credit on the people of this country that Canada was the only nation, outside of Italy, to have two representatives in the Tripoli aeroplane staff.

That Canada as a nation is not likely to take quite such an active part in aerial exploration and pioneer work as the older nations is of course apparent. Capital can readily find employment in other exploits than the building of airships in Canada. In Europe the amount of surplus capital is sufficient to permit Europeans to in-

dulge themselves in enterprises which can scarcely be afforded in Canada. Nevertheless by supplying men of nerve and brains Canada has at least had some share in promoting the exploration of the ether. Dr. Graham Bell and his two assistants have of course done special work deserving of special praise.

"The future of aeronautics in Canada," said the above quoted aeroplane builder, "is quite as doubtful as anywhere else, and quite as bright with possibilities. For experiment purposes of course other countries are better adapted. Engines may be obtained much more easily and there is a greater supply of mechanics of the required type. Then, too, of course, the consideration of capital and the presence of sufficient man of leisure adds another element. I should say that in the future when the science of aerial navigation has been enriched with greater experience and new inventions, the use of this form of transportation should be as easily adapted to Canada—especially in the western plains—as to any country. The consideration of air currents, prevailing winds and their characteristics, will enter into the problem very largely. Bit by bit 'air charts' will some day be prepared which

will record the characteristics of various countries for the safety of the future aeronauts."

Just now aeronautics seem to be a young man's study. Flying has an appeal to all classes so long as the would-be aviator has the spirit of youth. In the aerodromes you will find young fellows crawling out from under their machines, muddy and greasy, and generously bearded, and yet from under the edge of their overalls shows a silk sock, or a fine pair of boots. Some of them have been drivers of motor cars, or taxi-cabs, some have been business men, others have been men of wealth and fashion. What becomes of them no one can tell. There has so far been only one generation, so that no general deduction can be made. Some marry—as DeLapeyres married Sir William MacKenzie's daughter—and retire from business. Others fall five hundred feet and arrive underneath the engine. The most valuable material in the furthering of aeronautics is human life, and although France, Germany, England and the United States may supply the best engines and best designs, Canada has not been behind in supplying that more precious element—men, brave ones, too.



Cradle Song

Hush-a-bye, a sleepy head,
All the world's a-going to bed,
Sleepy little early head,
Hush-a-bye a baby.
Now the moon goes up the sky,
Hush-a-bye and hush-a-bye,
Shut a little sleepy eye,
Hush-a-bye a baby.
Now the stars a vigil keep,
Watching all the world asleep,
All the world's a-going to sleep,
Hush-a-bye a baby.

—Kathleen Conyngham Greene.



"And here, dressing in evening gown, is miss Joy Gresham."

The Smoke Bellew Series

TALE SIX: In which is described the Great Race
in the Klondike for a Million Dollar Prize

THE RACE FOR NUMBER ONE

By Jack London

I.

"Hub! Get on to the glad rags!"

Shorty surveyed his partner with simulated disapproval, and Smoke, vainly attempting to rub the wrinkles out of the pair of trousers he had just put on, was irritated.

"They sure fit you close for a second-hand buy," Shorty went on. "What was the tax?"

"One hundred and fifty for the suit," Smoke answered. "The man was nearly my own size. I thought it was remarkable reasonable. What are you kicking about?"

"Who? Me? Oh, nothin'. I was just thinkin' it was goin' some for a meat-eater that hit Dawson in an ice-jam, with no grub, one suit of underclothes, a pair of mangy moccasins, an' overalls that looked like they'd been through the wreck of the *Hebevers*. Pretty gay front, pardner. Pretty gay front. Say"

"What do you want now?" Smoke demanded testily.

"What's her name?"

"There isn't any her, my friend. I'm to have dinner at Colonel Bowie's, if you want to know. The trouble with you, Shorty, is you're envious because I'm going into high society and you're not invited."

"Ain't you some late?" Shorty queried with concern.

"What do you mean?"

"For dinner. They'll be eatin' supper when you get there."

Smoke was about to explain with elaborate sarcasm when he caught the twinkle in the other's eye. He went on dressing,

with fingers that had lost their definiteness tying a Windsor tie in a bow-knot at the throat of his soft cotton shirt.

"Wish I hadn't sent all my starched shirts to the laundry." Shorty murmured sympathetically. "I might a-fitted you out."

By this time Smoke was straining at a pair of shoes. The thick woolen socks were too thick to go into them. He looked appealingly to Shorty, who shook his head.

"Nope. If I had thin ones I wouldn't lend 'em to you. Back to the moccasins, pardner. You'd sure freeze your toes in skimpy-fangled gear like that."

"I paid fifteen dollars for them, second-hand," Smoke lamented.

"Reckon they won't be a man not in moccasins."

"But there are to be women, Shorty. I'm going to sit down and eat with real live women—Mrs. Bowie, and several others, so the Colonel told me."

"Well, moccasins won't spoil their appetite none," was Shorty's comment. "Wonder what the Colonel wants with you?"

"I don't know, unless he's heard about my finding Surprise Lake. It will take a fortune to drain it, and the Guggenheims are out for investment."

"Reckon that's it. That's right, stick to the moccasins. Gee! That cost is sure wrinkled, an' it fits you a mite too swift. Just pack around at your vittles. If you eat hearty you'll last through. And if them women folks gets to droppin' handkerchiefs, just let 'em lay. Don't do any pickin' up. Whatever you do, don't."

II.

As became a high-salaried expert and the representative of the great house of Guggenheim, Colonel Bowie lived in one of the most magnificent cabins in Dawson. Of squared logs, hand-hewn, it was two stories high and of such extravagant proportions that it boasted a big living room that was used for a living room and for nothing else.

Here were big bear skins on the rough board floor, and on the walls horns of moose and caribou. Here roared an open fireplace and a big wood-burning stove. And here Smoke met the social elect of Dawson—not the mere pick-handle millionaires, but the ultra-creams of a mining city, whose population had been recruited from all the world—men like Warburton Jones, the explorer and writer, Captain Considine, of the Mounted Police; Haskell, Gold Commissioner of the Northwest Territory, and Baron Von Schroeder, an emperor's favorite with an international dueling reputation.

And here, dazzling in evening gown, he met Joy Gastell, whom hitherto he had encountered only on trail, befuried and moccasined. At dinner he found himself beside her.

"I feel like a fish out of water," he confessed. "All you folks are so real grand, you know. Besides I never dreamt such Oriental luxury existed in the Klondike. Look at Von Schroeder, there. He's actually got a dinner jacket, and Considine's got a starched shirt. I noticed he wore moccasins just the same. How do you like my outfit?"

He moved his shoulders about as if preening himself for Joy's approval.

"It looks as if you'd grown stout since you came over the Pass," she laughed.

"Wrong. Guess again."

"It's somebody else."

"You win. I bought it for a price from one of the clerks at the A. C. Company."

"It's a shame clerks are so narrow-shouldered," she sympathized. "And you haven't told me what you think of my outfit."

"I can't," he said. "I'm out of breath. I've been living on trail too long. This sort of thing comes to me with a shock, you know. I'd quite forgotten that women

have arms and shoulders. To-morrow morning, like my friend Shorty, I'll wake up and know it's all a dream. Now the last time I saw you on Squaw Creek—" "I was just a squaw," she broke in.

"I hadn't intended to say that. I was remembering that it was on Squaw Creek that I discovered you had feet."

"And I can never forget that you saved them for me," she said. "I've been wanting to see you ever since to thank you—" (He shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly.) "And that's why you are here to-night."

"You asked the Colonel to invite me?"

"No; Mrs. Bowie. And I asked her to let me have you at table. And here's my chance. Everybody's talking. Listen, and don't interrupt. You know Mono Creek?"

"Yes."

"It has turned out rich—dreadfully rich. They estimate the claims as worth a million and more apiece. It was only located the other day."

"I remember the stampedes."

"Well, the whole creek was staked to the sky-line, and all the feeders, too. And yes, right now, on the main creek, Number Three, below Discovery, is unrecorded. The creek was so far away from Dawson that the commissioner allowed sixty days for recording after location. Every claim was recorded except Number Three Below. It was staked by Cyrus Johnson. And that was all. Cyrus Johnson has disappeared. Whether he died, whether he went down river or up, nobody knows. Any way, in six days, the time for recording will be up. Then the man who stakes it, and reaches Dawson first and records it, gets it."

"A million dollars, Smoke murmured.

"Gilchrist, who has the next claim below, has got six hundred dollars in a single pan off bedrock. He's burned one hole down. And the claim on the other side is even richer. I know."

"But why doesn't everybody know?" Smoke queried skeptically.

"They're beginning to know. They kept it secret for a long time, and it is only now that it's coming out. Good dog teams will be at a premium in another twenty-four hours. Now you've got to get away as decently as you can as soon as

dinner is over. I've arranged it. An Indian will come with a message for you. You read it, let on that you're very much put out, make your excuses, and get away."

"I—er—I fail to follow."

"Ninny!" she exclaimed in a half whisper. "What you must do is to get out to-night and hustle dog teams. I know of two. There's Hanson's team, seven big Hudson Bay dogs—he's holding them at four hundred each. That's top price to-night, but it won't be to-morrow. And Siks Charley has eight Malamutes he's asking thirty-five hundred for. To-morrow he'll laugh at an offer of five thousand. Then you've got your own team of dogs. And you'll have to buy several more teams. That's your work to-night. Get the best. It's dogs as well as men that will win this race. It's a hundred and ten miles, and you'll have to relay as frequently as you can."

"Oh, I see, you want me to go in for it," Smoke drawled.

"If you haven't the money for the dogs, I'll"

She faltered, but before she could continue, Smoke was speaking.

"I can buy the dogs. But—er—aren't you afraid this is gambling?"

"After your exploits at roulette in the Elkhorn," she retorted, "I'm not afraid that you're afraid. It's a sporting proposition, if that's what you mean. A race for a million, and with some of the stiffest dog-mashers and travelers in the country entered yet, but by this time to-morrow they will, and dogs will be worth what the richest man can afford to pay. Big Olaf is in town. He came up from Circle City last month. He is one of the most terrible dog-mashers in the country, and if he enters he will be your most dangerous man. Arizona Bill is another. He's been a professional freighter and mail carrier for years. If he goes in, interest will be centered on him and Big Olaf."

"And you intend me to come along as a sort of dark horse?"

"Exactly. And it will have its advantages. You will not be supposed to stand a show. After all, you know, you are still classed as a chechego. You haven't seen

*the four seasons go around. Nobody will take notice of you until you come into the home stretch in the lead."

"It's on the home stretch the dark horse is to show up its classy form, eh?"

She nodded, and continued earnestly.

"Remember, I shall never forgive myself for the trick I played on the Squaw Creek stampede until you win this Mono claim. And if any man can win this race against the old-timers, it's you."

It was the way she said it. He felt warm all over, and in his heart and head. He gave her a quick, searching look, involuntary and serious, and for the moment that her eyes met his steadily ere they fell, it seemed to him that he read something of valor import in the claim Cyrus Johnson had failed to record.

"I'll do it," he said. "I'll win it."

The glad light in her eyes seemed to promise a greater need than all the gold in the Mono claim. He was aware of a movement of her hand in her lap next to his. Under the screen of the tablecloth he thrust his own hand across and met a firm grip of woman's fingers that sent another wave of warmth through him.

"What will Shorty say?" was the thought that flashed whimsically through his mind as he withdrew his hand. He glanced almost jealously at the faces of Von Schroeder and Jones, and wondered if they had not divined the remarkable decisiveness and deliciousness of this woman who sat beside him.

He was aroused by her voice, and realized that she had been speaking some moments.

"So you see, Arizona Bill is a white Indian," she was saying. "And Big Olaf is . . . a bear wrestler, a king of the snows, a mighty savage. He can out-travel and out-endure an Indian, and he's never known any other life but that of the wild and the frost."

"Who's that?" Captain Considine broke in from across the table.

"Big Olaf," she answered. "I was just telling Mr. Beline what a traveler he is."

"You're right," the Captain's voice boomed. "Big Olaf is the greatest traveler in the Yukon. I'll back him against Old Nick himself for snow-bucking and ice-



"Then, slowly at an inch at a time,

Jep's leader began to forge past."

travel. He brought in the Government dispatches in 1895, and he did it after two couriers were frozen on Chilcoot, and the third drowned in the open water of Thirty Mile."

III.

Smoke had traveled in a leisurely fashion up to Mono Creek, fearing to tire his dogs before the big race. Also, he had familiarized himself with every mile of the trail and located his relay camps. So many men had entered the race, that the hundred and ten miles of its course was almost a continuous village. Relay camps were everywhere along the trail. Von Shroeder, who had gone in purely for the sport, had no less than eleven dog teams—a fresh one for every ten miles. Arizona Bill had been forced to content himself

with eight teams. Big Olaf had seven, which was the complement of Smoke. In addition, over two-score of other men were in the running. Not every day, even in the golden north, was a million dollars the prize for a dog race. The country had been swept of dogs. No animal of speed and endurance escaped the fine-tooth comb that had raked the creeks and canyons, and the price of dogs had doubled and quadrupled in the course of the frantic speculation.

Number Three Below Discovery was ten miles up Mono Creek from its mouth. The remaining hundred miles was to be run on the frozen breast of the Yukon. On Number Three itself were fifty tents and over three hundred dogs. The old stakes, blazed and scrawled sixty days before by Cyrus Johnson, still stood, and

every man had gone over the boundaries of the claim again and again, for the race with the dogs was to be preceded by a foot and obstacle race. Each man had to relocate the claim for himself, and this meant that he must place two centre-stakes and four corner-stakes and cross the creek twice, before he could start for Dawson with his dogs.

Furthermore, there were to be no "scoops." Not until the stroke of midnight of Friday night was the claim open for relocation, and not until the stroke of midnight could a man plant a stake. This was the ruling of the Gold Commissioner at Dawson, and Captain Considine had set up a squad of mounted police to enforce it. Discussion had arisen about the difference between sun-time and police-time, but Considine had sent forth his

flat that police-time went, and, further, that it was the watch of Lieutenant Pollock that went.

The Mono trail ran along the level creek bed, and, less than two feet in width, was like a groove, walled on either side by the snowdrifts of months. The problem of how forty odd sleds and three hundred dogs were to start in so narrow a course was in everybody's mind.

"Huh?" said Shorty. "It's goin' to be the gash-dangedest mix-up that ever was. I can't see no way out, Smoke, except main strength an' sweat an' to plow through. If the whole creek was glare-ice they ain't room for a dozen teams abreast. I got a hunch right now they's goin' to be a heap of scrapin' before they get strung out. An' if any of it comes our way, you got to let me do the punchin'."

Smoke squared his shoulders and laughed non-committally.

"No you don't!" his partner cried in alarm. "No matter what happens, you don't dash hit. You can't handle dogs a hundred miles with a busted knuckle, an' that's what'll happen if you hand on somebody's jaw."

Smoke nodded his head.

"You're right, Shorty. I couldn't risk the chance."

"An' just remember," Shorty went on, "that I got to do all the shovin' for them first ten miles, an' you got to take it easy as you can. I'll sure jerk you through to the Yukon. After that it's up to you an' the dogs. Say—what d'ye think Schroeder's scheme is? He's got his first team a quarter of a mile down the creek, an' he'll know it by a green lantern. But we got him skinned. Me for the red flare every time."

IV.

The day had been clear and cold, but a blanket of cloud formed across the face of the sky, and the night came on warm and dark, with the hint of snow impending. The thermometer registered fifteen below zero, and in the Klondike winter fifteen below is esteemed very warm.

At a few minutes before midnight, leaving Shorty with the dogs five hundred yards down the creek, Smoke joined the racers on Number Three. There were forty-five of them waiting the start for the thousand-thousand dollars Cyrus Johnson had left lying in the frozen gravel. Each man carried six stakes and a heavy wooden mallet, and was clad in a smock-like peruke of heavy cotton drill.

Lieutenant Pollock, in a big bearskin coat, looked at his watch by the light of a fire. It lacked a minute of midnight.

"Make ready," he said, as he raised a revolver in his right hand and watched the second hand tick around.

Forty-five hoofs were thrown back from the perches. Forty-five pairs of hands unclasped, and forty-five pairs of moccasins pressed tensely into the packed snow. Also, forty-five stakes were thrust into the snow, and the same number of mallets lifted in the air.

The shot rang out, and the mallets fell. Cyrus Johnson's right to the million had

expired. To prevent confusion, Lieutenant Pollock had insisted that the lower centre-stake be driven first, next the southeastern; and so on around the four sides, including the upper centre-stake on the way.

Smoke drove in his stake and was away with the leading dozen. Fires had been lighted at the corners, and by each fire stood a policeman, list in hand, checking off the names of the runners. A man was supposed to call out his name and show his face. There was to be no staking by proxy while the real racer was off and away down the creek.

At the first corner, beside Smoke's stake, Von Schroeder placed his. The mallets struck at the same instant. As they hammered, more arrived from behind, and with such impetuosity as to get in one another's way and cause jostling and shoving. Squirming through the press and calling his name to the policeman, Smoke saw the Baron, struck in collision by one of the rushers, hurled clean off his feet into the snow. But Smoke did not wait. Others were still ahead of him. By the light of the vanishing fire, he was certain that he saw the back, haggard looming, of Big Olaf, and at the southwestern corner Big Olaf and he drove their stakes side by side.

It was no light work, this preliminary obstacle race. The boundaries of the claim totaled nearly a mile, and most of it was over the uneven surface of a snow-covered, niggerhead flat. All about Smoke men tripped and fell, and several times he pitched forward himself, jarringly, on hands and knees. Once, Big Olaf fell so immediately in front of him as to bring him down on top.

The upper centre-stake was driven by the edge of the bank, and down the bank the racers plunged, across the frozen creek-bed, and up the other side. Here, as Smoke clambered, a hand gripped his ankle and jerked him back. In the flickering light of a distant fire, it was impossible to see who had played the trick. But Arizona Bill, who had been treated similarly, rose to his feet and drove his fist with a crunch into the offender's face. Smoke saw and heard as he was scrambling to his feet, but as he could make another lunge for the bank a fist dropped

him half-stunned into the snow. He staggered up, located the man, half-swinged a hook for his jaw, then remembered Shorty's warning and refrained. The next moment, struck below the knees by a hurling body, he went down again.

It was a foretaste of what would happen when the men reached their sleds. Men were pouring over the other bank and piling into the jam. They swarmed up the bank in bunches, and in bunches were dragged back by their impatient fellows. More blows were struck, curse rose from the panting chests of those who still had wind to spare, and Smoke, curiously visioning the face of Joy Gastel, hoped that the mallets would not be brought into play. Overthrown, trod upon, groping in the snow for his lost stakes, he at last crawled out of the crush and attacked the bank farther along. Others were doing this, and it was his luck to have many men in advance of him in the race for the northwestern corner.

Down to the fourth corner, he tripped midway, and in the long sprawling fall lost his remaining stake. For five minutes he groped in the darkness before he found it, and all the time the panting runners were passing him. From the last corner to the creek he began overtaking men, for whom the mile run had been too much. In the creek itself Bedlam had broken loose. A dozen sleds were piled up and overturned, and nearly a hundred dogs were locked in combat. Among them men struggled, tearing the tangled animals apart, or beating them apart with clubs. In the fleeting glimpses he caught of it, Smoke wondered if he had ever seen a Dene grotesquerie to compare.

Leaping down the bank beyond the glutted passage, he gained the hard-frosting of the sled-trail and made better time. Here, in packed harbors beside the narrow trail, sleds and men waited for runners that were still Ichind. From the rear came the whine and rush of dogs, and Smoke had barely time to leap aside into the deep snow. A sled tore past, and he made out the man, kneeling and shooting madly. Scarcely was it by when it stopped with a crash of battle. The excited dogs of a harbored sled, resenting the passing animals, had got out of hand and sprung upon them.

Smoke plunged around and by. He could see the green lantern of Von Schroeder, and, just below it, the red flare that marked his own team. Two men were guarding Schroeder's dogs, with short clubs interposed between them and the trail.

"Come on, you Smoke! Come on, you Smoke!" he could hear Shorty calling anxiously.

"Coming!" he gasped.

By the red flare, he could see the snow torn up and trampled, and from the way his partner breathed he knew a battle had been fought. He staggered to the sled, and, in the moment he was falling on it, Shorty's whip snapped as he yelled:

"Mush, you devil! Mush!"

The dogs sprang into the breast-hands, and the sled jerked abruptly ahead. They were big animals—Hanson's prize team of Hindson Bays—and Smoke had selected them for the first stage, which included the ten miles of Mono, the heavy-going of the cut-off across the flat at the mouth, and the first ten miles of the Yukon stretch.

"How many are ahead?" he asked.

"You shut up an' save your wind," Shorty answered. "Hi, you brutes! Hit her up! Hit her up!"

He was running behind the sled, towing on a short rope. Smoke could not see him; nor could he see the sled on which he lay full length. The fire had been left in the rear, and they were tearing through a wall of blackness as fast as the dogs could spring into it. This blackness was almost sticky, so nearly did it take on the seeming of substance.

Smoke felt the sled heel up on one runner as it rounded an invisible curve, and from ahead came the snarls of beasts and the oaths of men. This was known afterward as the Barnes-Schoen Jaws. It was the tease of these two men which first collided, and into it, at full career, piled Smoke's seven big fighters. Scarcely more than semi-domesticated wolves, the excitement of that night on Mono Creek had sent every dog fighting-mad. The Klondike dogs, driven without reins, cannot be stopped except by voice, so that there was no stopping this glut of struggle that humped itself between the narrow ribs of the creek. From behind, sled after sled hurtled into the tansoil. Men who had

their teams nearly excretated were overwhelmed by fresh avalanches of dogs—each animal well-fed, well-rested, and ripe for battle.

"It's knock down an' drag out an' plow through!" Shorty yelled in his partner's ear. "An' watch out for your knuckles! You drag dogs out an' let me do the punching!"

What happened in the next half hour Smoke never distinctly remembered. At the end he emerged exhausted, sobbing for breath, his jaw sore from a first-blow, his shoulder aching from the heuse of a club, the blood running warmly down one leg from the rip of a dog's fangs, and both sleeves of his parka torn to shreds. As in a dream, while the battle still raged behind, he helped Shorty re-harness the dogs. One, dying, they cut from the traces, and in the darkness they felt their way to the repair of the disrupted harnesses.

"Now you lie down an' get your wind back," Shorty commanded.

And through the darkness the dogs sped, with unabated strength, down Mono Creek, across the long cut-off, and to the Yukon. Here, at the junction with the main river-trail, somebody had lighted a fire, and here Shorty said good-bye. By the light of the fire, as the sled leaped behind the flying dogs, Smoke caught another of the unforgettable pictures of the northland. It was of Shorty, swaying and sinking down limply in the snow, yelling his parting encouragement, one eye blackened and closed, knuckles bruised and broken, and one arm, ripped and fang-torn, gushing forth a steady stream of blood.

V.

"How many ahead?" Smoke asked, as he dropped his tired Hudson Bay and sprang on the waiting sled at the first relay station.

"I counted eleven," the man called after him, for he was already away behind the leaping dogs.

Fifteen miles they were to carry him to the next stage, which would fetch him to the mouth of White River. There were nine of them, but they composed his weakest team. The twenty-five miles between White River and Sixty Mile he had broken into two stages, because of ice-jams, and

here two of his heaviest, toughest teams were stationed.

He lay on the sled at full length, face down, holding on with both hands. Whenever the dogs slackened from topnotch speed he rose to his knees, and, yelling and urging, clinging precariously with one hand, threw his whip into them. Poor team that it was, he passed two sleds before White River was reached. Here, at the freeze-up, the dogs had piled a barrier, allowing the open water that formed for half a mile below to freeze smoothly. This smooth stretch enabled the racers to make flying exchanges of sleds, and down all the course they had placed their relays below the jams.

Over the jam and out on to the smooth, Smoke tore along, calling loudly, "Billy! Billy!"

Billy heard and answered, and by the light of the many fires on the ice, Smoke saw a sled swing in from the side and come abreast. Its dogs were fresh and overhauled his. As the sleds swerved toward each other he leaped across, and Billy promptly rolled off.

"Where's Big Olaf?" Smoke cried.

"Leading!" Billy's voice answered; and the fires were left behind and Smoke was again flying through the wall of blackness.

In the jams of that relay, where the way led across a chance of up-ended ice-cakes, and where Smoke slipped off the forward end of the sled, and with a haul-rope coiled behind the wheel-dog, he passed three sleds. Accidents had happened, and he could hear the men cutting out dogs and mending harnesses.

Among the jams of the next short relay into Sixty Mile, he passed two more teams. And that he might know adequately what had happened to them, one of his own dogs wrenching a shoulder, was unable to keep up, and was dragged in the harness. Its team-mates, angered, fell upon it with their fangs, and Smoke was forced to club them off with the heavy butt of his whip. As he cut the injured animal out, he heard the whining cries of dogs behind him, and the voice of a man that was familiar. It was Von Schroeder. Smoke called a warning to prevent a rear-end collision, and the Baron, having his animals and swinging on the gee-pole, went by a dozen

feet to the side. Yet so impenetrable was the blackness that Smoke heard him pass, but never saw him.

On the smooth stretch of ice beside the trading post at Sixty Mile, Smoke overtook two more sleds. All had just changed teams, and for five minutes they ran abreast, each man on his knees and pouring whip and voice into the maddened dogs. But Smoke had studied out that portion of the trail, and now marked the tall pine on the bank that showed faintly in the light of the many fires. Below that pine was not merely darkness, but an abrupt cessation of the smooth stretch. There the trail, he knew, narrowed to a single sled-width. Leaning out ahead, he caught the haul-rope and drew his leaping sled up to the wheel-dog. He caught the animal by the hind legs and threw it. With a snarl of rage it tried to dash him with its fangs, but was dragged on by the rest of the team. Its body proved an efficient brake, and the two other teams, still abreast, dashed ahead into the darkness for the narrow way.

Smoke heard the crash and uprear of their collision, released his wheeler, sprang to the gee-pole, and urged his team to the right into the soft snow where the straining animals wallowed to their necks. It was exhausting work, but he won by the tangled teams and gained the hard-packed trail beyond.

VI.

On the relay out of Sixty Mile, Smoke had next to his poorest team, and though the going was good, he had set it a short fifteen miles. Two more teams would bring him into Dawson and to the Gold-Recorder's office, and Smoke had selected his best animals for the last two stretches. Saska Charley, himself, waited with the eight Malamutes that would jerk Smoke along for twenty miles, and for the finish, with a fifteen-mile run, was his own team—the team he had had all winter and which had been with him in the search for Surprise Lake.

The two men he had left entangled at Sixty Mile failed to overtake him, and, on the other hand, his team failed to overtake any of the three that still led. His animals were willing, though they lacked stamina

and speed, and little urging was needed to keep them jumping into it at their best. There was nothing for Smoke to do but to lie face-downward and hold on. Now and again he would plunge out of the darkness into the circle of light about a blazing fire, catch a glimpse of furred men standing by harnessed and waisting dogs, and plunge into the darkness again. Mile after mile, with only the grind and jar of the runners in his ears, he sped on. Almost automatically he kept his place as the sled bumped ahead or half-lifted and heeled on the swings and swerves of the bends. First one, and then the other, without apparent rhyme or reason, three faces lined themselves on his consciousness; Joy Gaskell's, laughing and saucious; Shorty's, hasted and exhausted by the struggle down Mono Creek; and John Bellows', seamed and rigid, as if cast in iron so unrelenting was its severity. And sometimes Smoke wanted to shout aloud, to chant a poem of savage exultation, as he remembered the office of the *Billow* and the serial story of San Francisco which he had left unfinished, along with the other fripperies of those empty days.

The gray twilight of morning was breaking as he exchanged his weary dogs for the eight fresh Malamutes. Lighter animals than Hudson Bays, they were capable of greater speed, and they ran with the supple tirelessness of true wolves. Saska Charley called out the order of the teams ahead. Big Olaf led, Arizona Bill was second, and Von Schroeder, third. These were the three best men in the country. In fact, as Smoke had left Dawson, the popular betting had placed them in that order. While they were racing for a million, at least half a million had been staked by others on the outcome of the race. No one had bet on Smoke, who, despite his several known exploits, was still accounted a cheaque with much to learn.

As daylight strengthened, Smoke caught sight of a sled ahead, and, in half an hour, his own lead-dog was leaping at its tail. Not until the man turned his head to exchange greetings, did Smoke recognize him as Arizona Bill. Von Schroeder had evidently passed him. The trail, hard-packed, ran too narrowly through the soft snow, and for another half hour Smoke

was forced to stay in the rear. Then they topped an ice-jam and struck a smooth stretch below, where were a number of relay camps and where the snow was packed widely. On his knees, swinging his whip and yelling, Smoke drew abreast. He noted that Arizona Bill's right arm hung dead at his side, and that he was compelled to pour leather with his left hand. Awkward as it was, he had no hand left with which to hold on, and frequently he had to cease from the whip and clutch to save himself from falling off. Smoke remembered the scrimmage in the creek bed at Three Below Discovery, and understood. Shorty's advice had been sound.

"What's happened?" Smoke asked, as he began to pull ahead.

"I don't know," Arizona Bill answered. "I think I threw my shoulder out in the scrapping."

He dropped behind very slowly, though when the last relay station was in sight he was fully half a mile in the rear. Ahead, hunched together, Smoke could see Big Olaf and Von Schroeder. Again Smoke arose to his knees, and he lifted his jaded dogs into a burst of speed such as a man can who has the proper instinct for dog-driving. He drew up close to the tail of Von Schroeder's sled, and in this order the three sleds dashed out on the smooth going below a jam, where many men and many dogs waited. Dawson was fifteen miles away.

Von Schroeder, with his ten-mile relays, had changed five miles back and would change five miles ahead. So he held on, keeping his dogs at full leap. Big Olaf and Smoke made flying changes, and their fresh teams immediately regained what had been lost to the Baron. Big Olaf led fast, and Smoke followed into the narrow trail beyond.

"Still good, but not so good," Smoke paraphrased Spencer to himself.

Of Von Schroeder, now behind, he had no fear; but ahead was the greatest dog-driver in the country. To pass him seemed impossible. Again and again, many times, Smoke forced his leader to the other's sled-tail, and each time Big Olaf let out another link and drew away. Smoke contented himself with taking the pace, and hung on grimly. The race was not lost until one or the other won, and

in fifteen miles many things could happen.

Three miles from Dawson something did happen. To Smoke's surprise, Big Olaf rose up and with oars and leather proceeded to fetch out the last ounce of effort in his animals. It was a spurt that should have been reserved for the last hundred yards instead of being begun three miles from the finish. Sheer dog-killing it was, Smoke followed. His own team was superb. No dogs on the Yukon had had harder work or were in better condition. Besides, Smoke had toiled with them, and eaten and bedded with them, and he knew each dog as an individual and how best to win in to the animal's intelligence and extract its last least shred of willingness.

They topped a small jam and struck the smooth-going below. Big Olaf was barely fifty feet ahead. A sled shot out from the side and drew in toward him, and Smoke understood Big Olaf's terrific spurt. He had tried to gain a lead for the change. This fresh team that waited to jerk him down the home stretch had been a private surprise of his. Even the men who had backed him to win had had no knowledge of it.

Smoke strove desperately to pass during the exchange of sleds. Lifting his dogs to the effort, he ate up the intervening fifty feet. With urging and pouring of leather, he went to the side and on until his lead-dog was jumping abreast of Big Olaf's wheeler. On the other side, abreast, was the relay sled. At the speed they were going, Big Olaf did not dare the flying leap. If he missed and fell off, Smoke would be in the lead and the race would be lost.

Big Olaf tried to spurt ahead, and he lifted his dogs magnificently, but Smoke's leader still continued to jump beside Big Olaf's wheeler. For half a mile the three sleds tore and bounded along side by side. The smooth stretch was nearing its end when Big Olaf took the chance. As the flying sleds swerved toward each other, he leaped, and the instant he struck he was on his knees, with whip and voice spouting the fresh team. The smooth pinched out into the narrow trail, and he jumped his dogs ahead and into it with a lead of barely a yard.

A man was not beaten until he was beaten, was Smoke's conclusion, and drive no matter how, Big Olaf failed to shake him off. No team had driven that night could have stood such a killing pace and keep up with fresh dogs—no team save this one. Nevertheless, the pace was killing it, and as they began to round the bluff at Klondike City, he could feel the pitch of strength going out of his animals. Almost imperceptibly they lagged, and foot by foot Big Olaf drew away until he led by a score of yards.

A great cheer went up from the population of Klondike City assembled on the ice. Here the Klondike entered the Yukon, and half a mile away, across the Klondike, on the north bank, stood Dawson. An outburst of maddening cheering arose, and Smoke caught a glimpse of a sled shooting out to him. He recognized the splendid animals that drew it. They were Joy Gastell's. And Joy Gastell drove them. The hood of her squirrel-skin parka was tossed back, revealing the cameo-like oval of her face outlined against her heavily-massed hair. Mittens had been discarded, and with bare hands she clung to whip and sled.

"Jump!" she cried, as her leader snarled at Smoke's.

Smoke struck the sled behind her. It rocked violently from the impact of his body, but she was full up on her knees and swinging the whip.

"Hi! You! Mash on! Chook! Chook!" she was crying, and the dogs whined and yelped in eagerness of desire and effort to overtake Big Olaf.

And then, as the lead-dog caught the tail of Big Olaf's sled, and yard by yard drew up abreast, the great crowd on the Dawson bank went mad. It was a great crowd, for the men had dropped their tools on all the creeks and come down to see the outcome of the race, and a dead heat at the end of a hundred and ten miles justified any madness.

"When you're in the lead I'm going to drop off!" Joy cried out over her shoulder.

Smoke tried to protest.

"And watch out for the dip curve half way up the bank," she warned.

Dog by dog, separated by half a dozen feet, the two teams were running abreast. Big Olaf, with whip and voice, held his

own for a minute. Then, slowly, an inch at a time, Joy's leader began to forge past. "Get ready!" she cried to Smoke. "I'm going to leave you in a minute. Get the whip!"

And as he shifted his hand to clutch the whip, he heard Big Olaf roar a warning, but too late. His lead-dog, incensed at being passed, swerved in to the attack. His fangs struck Joy's leader on the flank. The rival teams flew at one another's throats. The sleds overran the fighting brutes and exploded. Smoke struggled to his feet and tried to lift Joy up. But she thrust him from her, crying:

"Go!"

On foot, already fifty feet in advance, was Big Olaf, still intent on finishing the race. Smoke obeyed, and when the two men reached the foot of the Dawson bank, he was at the other's heels. But up the bank Big Olaf lifted his body hugely, regaining a dozen feet.

Five blocks down the main street was the Gold Recorder's office. The street was packed as for the witnessing of a parade. Not so easily this time did Smoke gain to his giant rival, and when he did he was unable to pass. Side by side they ran along the narrow aisle between the solid walls of fur-clad, cheering men. Now one, now the other, with great convulsive jerks, gained an inch or so only to lose it immediately after.

If the pace had been a killing one for their dogs, the one they now sat themselves was no less so. But they were racing for a million dollars and great honor in the Yukon country. The only outside impression that came to Smoke on that instant stretch was one of astonishment that there should be so many people in the Klondike. He had never seen them all at once before.

He felt himself involuntarily lag, and Big Olaf sprang a full stride in the lead. To Smoke it seemed that his heart would burst, while he had lost all consciousness of his legs. He knew they were flying under him, but he did not know how he continued to make them fly, nor how he put even greater pressure of will upon them and compelled them again to carry him to his giant competitor's side.

The opened door of the Recorder's office appeared ahead of them. Both men made

a final, futile spurt. Neither could draw away from the other, and side by side they hit the doorway, collided violently, and fell headlong on the office floor.

They sat up, but were too exhausted to rise. Big Olaf, the sweat pouring from him, breathing with tremendous, painful gasps, pawed the air and vainly tried to speak. Then he reached out his hand with unmistakable meaning; Smoke extended his, and they shook.

"It's a dead heat," Smoke could hear the Recorder saying, but it was as if in a dream, and the voice was very thin and very far away. "And all I can say is that you both win. You'll have to divide the claim between you. You're partners."

Their two arms pumped up and down as they ratified the decision. Big Olaf nodded.

He dashed his head with great emphasis, and spluttered. At last he got it out.

"You damn *sheehawee*," was what he said, but in the saying of it was admiration. "I don't know how you done it, but you did."

Outside the great crowd was noisily massed, while the office was packing and jamming. Smoke and Big Olaf essayed to rise, and each helped the other to his feet. Smoke found his legs weak under him, and staggered drunkenly. Big Olaf tottered toward him.

"I'm sorry my dog jumped yours."

"It couldn't be helped," Smoke panted back. "I heard you yell."

"Say," Big Olaf went on with shining eyes. "That girl—one damn fine girl, eh?"

"One damn fine girl," Smoke agreed.

In the July issue of MacLean's Magazine, the Seventh Tale in the Smoke Believe Series, "The Little Man," will appear



Lost

Her hair is dark as blackest night,
A forest where I've lost my way;
And there can pierce no light of day,
Nor any star shall come again.
And I, who have so joyed to roam
The open 'neath the naked sky,
No longer see the clouds go by,
Nor sunlight on the bending grain;
For, in my eyes, more beautiful
Than flaming dawn or evening star,
The strands of those dark tresses are,
Where lost I ever must remain.

—H. L. W., in *The American Magazine*.

The Ideal Bungalow

A DESCRIPTION OF THE BEST TYPE OF CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW WHICH CAN BE ERECTED AT A COST OF \$3,600

By Charles A. Byers

The bungalow type of architecture is steadily growing in favor in California. It has probably reached the zenith of popularity in California. Thus it is, that we have sent to California for a "model bungalow," which is illustrated and described in the accompanying article. The cost is estimated at \$3,600, and, as is pointed out, the bungalow style of architecture so readily lends itself to cozy and attractive results, that for the limited cost it affords practically all of the advantages, both in appearance and utility, of many of the larger and more expensive houses.

FOR him who is possessed of limited financial resources, and who loves a cozy and attractive home, no other style of architecture can be so heartily recommended as the bungalow. From a very humble beginning in California, about seven years ago, this style of home, originally borrowed from India, has been gradually developed, through a series of modifying interpretations, into what is indeed a charming creation. And, in the meanwhile, its popularity has spread so rapidly and thoroughly that there is scarcely a locality on the North American continent in which the attractiveness of the California bungalow is unknown.

The accompanying photographs and floor plan drawing illustrate an excellent example of this style of home—a house of seven rooms built at a total cost of \$3,600. It is located in Los Angeles, California, and was designed and built by Mr. Edward E. Sweet, an architect, of that city.

With its comparatively flat roof, its broadly projecting eaves, its square-sawn and unsurfaced finishing timbers, and its rather massive-proportioned masonry, the house is truly of bungalow architecture. The roof lines are gracefully proportioned, and in the designing of the masonry

work real bungalow artistry is shown. An interesting feature of the roof construction is the ingenious suspension of the front porch roof by chains, which eliminates the necessity of supporting pillars. The roof, itself, of the entire house, is covered with matthoid, a gray composition that materially aids in producing the very effective color scheme which gives the structure much of its exterior charm. The siding is of cedar shingles, stained dark green, and the masonry is of clinker brick. The front porch connects with a small side porch, both of which have ceiling floors, and from the latter extends a sort of porte-cochere, through which passes a concrete driveway that leads to a garage in the rear. The porches are enclosed with half-length pillars and a low parapet constructed of clinker brick, with copings of concrete. These low pillars afford excellent rests for potted plants, an arrangement which lends just a slight suggestion of the classic. Harmonizing with the porch masonry is an outside chimney on one side of the house, of well-squared proportions.

It is too often the case that in the building of inexpensive homes the interior is slighted in favor of the exterior, or vice-



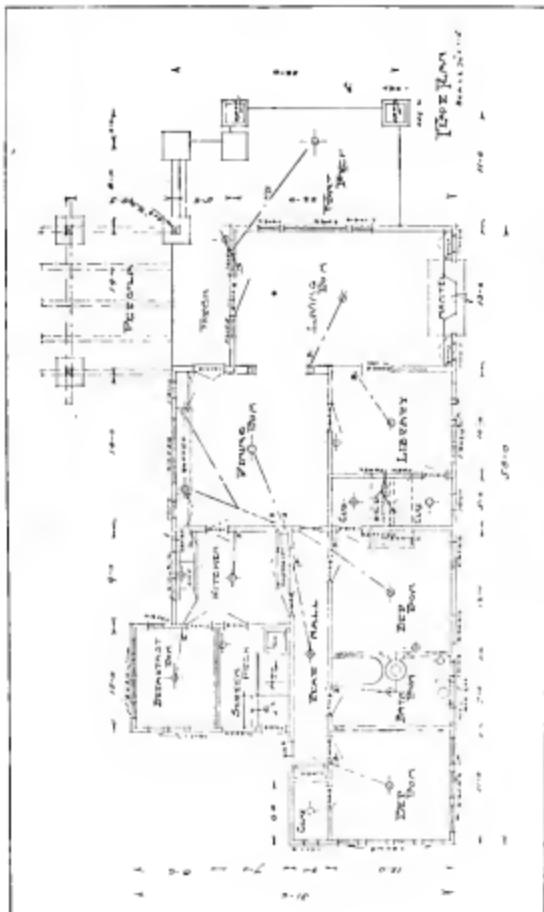
An ideal seven-room California bungalow built at a cost of \$2,600

versa, but such is not the truth in this instance at least. The interior of this home is, like the exterior, a veritable work of art. The rooms are well and economically arranged, there are numerous convenient built-in features, and the finish and decorations are all the most fastidious could wish for in a home of this size.

The rooms are living room, library, "den," dining room, breakfast room, kitchen and one bed room. The library contains a built-in disappearing bed, which is used for emergencies, and, should it be preferred at any time, the "den" is so located and designed that it might easily be converted into another sleeping room. A small hall, leading from the dining room and terminating in a linen closet at the rear of the house, provides a way of access to the bed room, bath room, "den" and kitchen. Back of the kitchen are the

breakfast room and small screened porch, and from the latter leads the stairway to the basement. Small French doors open from the living room and dining room into the small side porch, and sliding doors separate the library from the living room, while a broad arch connects the latter with the dining room.

The house contains numerous closets, conveniently located and a number of excellent and very much to-be-appreciated built-in features. On each side of the spacious living-room fireplace, with its artistic mantel of pressed brick, there is a built-in book case, with a tiny window above it; in the library there is the disappearing bed already mentioned; in the dining room there is a broad buffet, with a small china closet on each side, all of interesting workmanship, and above which arrangement are three small windows, and in the bed room there is a very pretty



The floor plan of an ideal seven-room California bungalow costing \$2,600



The dining room as seen from the living room.

built-in Princess dresser, while the kitchen contains, in addition to the usual cupboards and drawers, a draught cooler.

The woodwork of the interior is principally of Oregon pine. In the living room, dining room and "den" it is stained and waxed to somewhat resemble Flemish oak, and in the library it is given a mahogany-color finish. The dining room possesses paneled walls, with a plate rail, and a beamed and paneled ceiling. The latter is of particularly interesting workmanship, and the arrangement provides for an ingenious lighting-fixture scheme that is truly artistic. The "den" also possesses paneled, but the paneling here extends only to a height of about five feet, terminating in a plate rail, above which the walls, as well as the ceiling, are plastered and tinted. The living room and library walls are plastered and papered,

ed, while in the bed room, hall and breakfast room they are plastered and tinted. The woodwork in the bed room, kitchen and bathroom is enamelled, as are also the plastered walls to a height of about five feet in the latter two; and in the hall and breakfast room the woodwork is of California redwood, which is only waxed, leaving it nearly its natural color. Oak floors are used in the living room, library, "den" and dining room, and pine floors prevail throughout the remainder of the house.

This house is not only attractive within itself but is set amid charming environs and every really pretty home, considered en masse, must owe considerable to its surroundings. With swaying eucalypti forming the background, and with an artistic arrangement of flowers and vines and other shrubbery all about it, and not for-



The living room of the bungalow.

getting the well-kept lawn and the cement walks and driveway, the bungalow is indeed charmingly embowered.

The house is substantially and warmly constructed throughout, and for,

from \$3,500 to \$3,800 it should be satisfactorily duplicated in any locality. It is provided with furnace heat, running water and all of the other conveniences that combine to create a cozy and comfortable home.

THE SEA GULL

Fain would I dwell beside thee,
Thou wild tempestuous sea!
And listen as thy surges
Sing forth their songs to me;
Where billows roll and whisper—
Seethe into whitening foam,
Upon thy heaving bosom,
There would I make my home!

—F. Gordon Dagger.

The Stubbornness of the Browns

By Amy E. Campbell

JUST as the Browns settled themselves to their books and newspapers and evening lamp, the door-bell rang vigorously. Mr. Brown looked over his paper at his wife—

"Go to the door, Mary," he said easily. "Go yourself," she posted.

"And let you humor that foolish timidity you have of going to the door at night? No, you must go yourself, for I won't."

"Then nobody'll go," said Mrs. Brown, stubbornly, "for I'm morally certain I'll not."

"Well, sit there," retorted Mr. Brown calmly.

"Thank you, that's exactly what I'm planning to do."

After a few minutes Mr. Brown suggested—

"Whoever it is can see through that window that we're home."

"All the more blame to you," remarked his wife. "It's certainly a gentleman's place to go to the door."

"Nevertheless, I'll not budge," he assured her.

"Nor will I. You know perfectly well that when I make up my mind not to do a thing, wild horses couldn't drag me to it," and Mrs. Brown read her book with determination.

"Very well, then, if it's the minister, he'll think we're sore at him about his last sermon, and have seen him coming under the street light and won't let him in, and if it's any of the neighbors—"

Another ring from the bell caused Mrs. Brown to start almost out of her chair.

"Well, you are getting nervous," remarked her husband sarcastically as he calmly perused the sporting extra he was holding upside down.

A long silence and then the bell rang again. Neither spoke for a time and then Mrs. Brown said—

"I can't for the life of me see what's got into you. You never acted like this before."

"I want to teach you to go to the door at night without being nervous," said Mr. Brown importantly.

"Well, you might as well learn first as last that you can't 'teach' anyone not to be nervous," retorted Mrs. Brown, triumphantly.

"Oh, yes you can, if the person hasn't already made up their minds not to be cured of it," and Mr. Brown began reading the advertisements in the evening paper with absorbed interest.

"Call me stubborn, and be done with it," flared Mrs. Brown—

"Well, aren't you?"

"I'm quite sure you are, at any rate."

The bell rang again.

"Seems to me that bell rings differently every time," said Mr. Brown, with interest. "There must have been different people here!"

"Well, they'll have an interesting time wondering what's wrong with us. It'll be the talk of the neighborhood, with that blind away up, and all because you are too obstinate to give in," and there were angry red spots on Mrs. Brown's pretty cheeks.

"And I suppose, to put it mildly—because you're too nervous?"

Just then a noise was heard outside the window. Mrs. Brown was visibly frightened. Then the telephone rang. Mr. Brown answered it—

"Hello—

"Oh, no, we're at home."

"Oh, yes, we're quite well, thank you. Doing? Oh, just reading."

"Speak to Mrs. Brown? Certainly. Here, Mary."

Mrs. Brown stepped to the phone with a defiant air—

"Oh, yes, dear, quite well."

"No, he's not very well. His head is bothering him. It's sore and his feet

are also paining him. He can't hardly drag himself out of a chair!"

"Electric Liniment? Thanks so much, I'll try it for him."

"Oh, were you? Why, what time?"

"Why, for goodness' sake, we've been here all evening."

"I'm so sorry. Do come again, won't you?"

"Good-bye."

"Now, since you've got through lying about my state of health you might as well tell me what's wrong with my feet so I can tell the whole office doctor to-morrow morning." Mr. Brown flung indignantly at his wife as she hung up the receiver and regarded him with suppressed amusement.

"Oh, childlike, or anything like that," replied Mrs. Brown, absently.

The 'phone rang again and Mr. Brown hastened to answer it.

"Oh, no, Mr. Burgess, we're real well thank you, with the exception of Mrs. Brown. She's losing her hearing badly of late, and her nerves are in a sad condition!"

"You were? Why I must have been down cellar and Mrs. Brown's hearing is so defective—"

"Oh yes, she hears parts of your sermons."

"That's a rot—a real shame Mr. Burgess, for we were both at home."

"Ear trumpets? Well, really, Mrs. Brown is so sensitive about people knowing it—"

By this time Mrs. Brown was at her husband's elbow trying to make him give her the receiver. This he refused to do.

"Yes, indeed, we're both exceedingly sorry, Mr. Burgess. We'll try and be out next Sunday—Oh, is it? Missions? We'll try our best."

As Brown hung up the receiver his wife viewed him from head to foot with scorn.

"How am I ever going to face the results of a lie like that?" she asked quietly.

"Face it the same as I will the children," he answered easily.

"Childblains!" she snuffed.

"And come and bunnies—let me see what else, do people get wrong with their feet?" he asked with interest.

"Tell me how people lose their hearing all of a sudden," she answered witheringly.

"Well, can't they recover suddenly?"

Again the 'phone rang and Mrs. Brown was certainly there first.

"Oh dearest, is it you?"

"She was? And I missed her. Why I've been dying to have her call, you know and I asked her to come in the evening with her husband, when Jack would be home—"

"Saw us through the window? Oh, isn't that too awful to take in?"

"Well, I'll tell you the truth dear, because I know it won't go any further, I had slipped into my dressing gown and of course couldn't go to the door, and Jack has rheumatism so he can't hardly move and when he finally did get to the door there was nobody there—"

"Oh dear, she was offended. Well, I'll have to call and try and patch it up somehow. Good-bye, and thanks so much for telling me."

Jack Brown calmly eyed his wife from head to foot—

"I didn't think you were so good as all this," he began, when the 'phone rang again. Assuredly, Mr. Brown got there first.

"No, Mrs. Smith, she has retired quite a while ago. She had a bad headache and—"

"Her nerves, I think. They're in an awful condition."

"Oh just silly worry over nothing, Mrs. Smith. You know how it goes perhaps."

"Oh yes, she's been threatened with deafness for sometime—"

"The minister told Mr. Smith? Oh yes, I was talking to him to-night over the phone!"

"Yes, do come. She'll be glad to try anything I'm sure!"

"To-morrow? Yes, she'll be home so far as I know, Mrs. Smith."

"Oh, I'm splendid!"

"Now, now, Mrs. Smith, I'm not holding my age nearly so well as a very charming lady I know!"

"Oh, no, we're just about the same age. I'm a trifle the older."

"Good-bye. Oh I'll remember—"

Mrs. Brown was white with suppressed fury.

"Do you think I want that odious woman here prescribing for me? What do you mean?"

Mr. Brown quietly lit a cigar and pulled with evident relish.

Another ring at the 'phone found Mrs. Brown first to answer.

"Oh, Billy, you want Jack? He's just gone to bed. He had an awful grouch on and I advised him to go to sleep and forget it."

"Oh, Billy, don't say that over the phone. Central might be listening, and this is a party line—"

"You are? Oh, no Billy dear, you'd better not. Jack would eat you when he came to bear of it—"

"Oh, yes, he was perfectly savage. He has quite a temper you know—"

"Thanks Bill, old boy, you're grand. I'll remember—"

"To-morrow, what's on?"

"I'll see you to-morrow night, Billy. Come up for tea with Jack and maybe he'll be in better humor—"

"Oh, you naughty boy, good-bye."

"Billy, how can you be so foolish? GOOD-bye!"

"Really Bill, I'm cro-a. so ring off like a nice little boy—"

"Well, good-night then—"

Brown smoked savagely as his wife stood looking out of the window with a dreamy stare. Then he asked deliberately,

"How long have you been flirting with that infant?"

"Not half so long as you've been paying silly compliments to a cracked old thing like Mrs. Smith, for the sake of hearing her return them with interest," replied Mrs. Brown spiritedly.

Just then the door bell rang and for a time they glared at each other silently. Finally both started to go, bumped into each other, smiled a little and then Jack Brown put out his hand to his wife Mary, and she slipped her's into his.

"We've been silly," she said.

"Very," he answered. "Come to the door with me, I'm afraid."

"I will," she laughed. "If you'll help me to recover my hearing—"

"Alright," he said. "If you'll rub my feet with electric liniment, to-night."

"I will," she promised solemnly as together they answered the door.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have now, all they ever had, and all they expect to have.

The Planning of Boomville

HOW AN ENLIGHTENED MAYER OF A CANADIAN TOWN SAVED MONEY FOR POSTERITY IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN IDEAL CITY

By Brian Bellasis

A great deal has been written in recent years on town and city planning, much of it interesting, but little that could be called practical. The problem is of the greatest importance in Canada, where small towns spring up as if by magic on the western plains, and rapidly develop into thriving cities. In this article on "The Planning of Boomville," city planning from a Canadian point of view is considered in detail, and a mass of authoritative information, together with illustrations and maps, is presented.

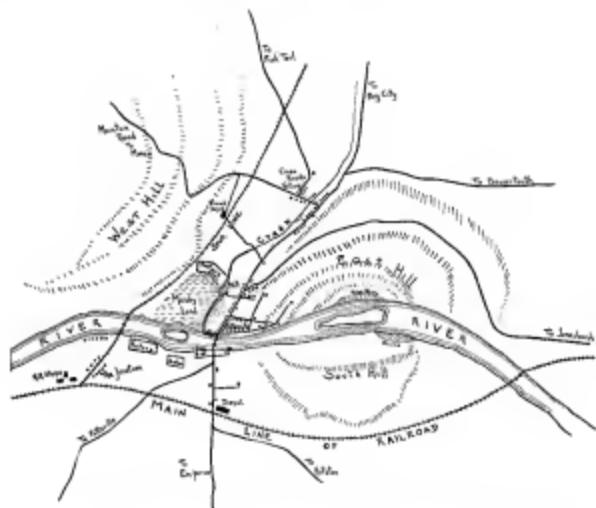
IN 1807 it was decided to provide some definite plan against the future growth of the little town that was then New York. Discussion was varied until one of the commissioners provided a simple way out of the planning difficulty by pointing to the impression of a mason's hand-sieve in a heap of sand. So runs the quite untruthful legend. The streets of New York—except for happily irregular Broadway—duly followed the marks of the sieve wires; and almost every new city on the American continent has dutifully followed New York's example.

In the three prairie provinces of Canada alone, no less than 203 new towns came into being last year, and many more of those that were new towns three or four years ago got ready for promotion into city rank. The growth of some of the western centres is almost incredible—30 per cent. and 50 per cent. increases are not unheard of and 10 and 15 per cent. increases are commonplace.

Now, most of these towns are so busy working for their future that they have not had much time to think about it. Developments come fast and are accommodated anyhow as circumstances of the

moment may dictate. Main Street follows the old original country road, the side streets, which almost jump into existence week by week, branch off it along the concessions and side lines which the provincial surveyor ruled across the map; few streets are wider than the statutory 66 feet—the width of a "3rd class street" and half the proper width of a "main avenue." Factories are allowed to cluster anywhere along the railway, or the river bank. In fact, the town is altogether too feverishly active to bother about organizing itself into "districts of activity" as the scientific town planner would desire, or to follow anything but the rectangular line of least resistance in laying out its streets.

The majority of new Canadian towns are well started towards a hopelessly muddled, or at best, an unattractively rectangular future—and not even a carefully thought out rectangular future at that. When they begin to climb into New York's class or even to approach the size of their big brothers in the east, Toronto and Montreal, they will suffer acute growing pains and bitterly regret the thoughtless errors of their youth. Six year old Cobalt is already cursing fate which set it unalterably



Beautiful as it be at present. The problem is to preserve the existing natural traffic lines along the main roads shown and to provide for and, as far as possible, create new ones, keeping the incipient business, manufacturing and residential districts on the hill slopes, in the valley and across the river. On the next page is the more detailed.

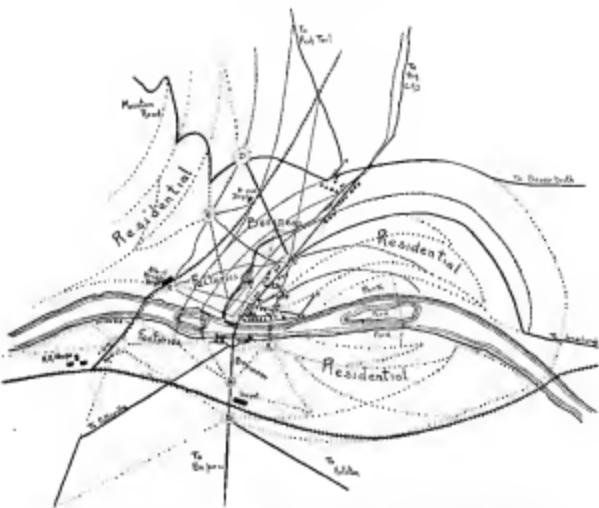
among a tumbled confusion of rocky ridges when there are good, flat sites in abundance all around it.

At first glance, the rectangular "checker board" system which most Canadian towns adopt in some form or another, seems eminently practical, providing all that a hard-working, business-like city can possibly require. To get from one place to another you go north so many blocks and west so many blocks and there you are; on the face of it, no street need become inconveniently congested since it is paralleled by other streets which can accommodate the overflow; as distant suburbs come into being they can be reached by a prolongation of one of the central "steve wires."

Also, when New York was planned it was thought that the system would have the additional advantage of doing away

with the conventional "heart" of the city. Since all the blocks were on an equal footing it was supposed that business would distribute itself fairly equally over the whole town and that, therefore, there would never be any closely crowded and congested areas such as occurred in the unplanned cities of the old world.

But the checker board promises a great deal more than it performs. In the first place, since it takes no heed of the natural inequalities of the site, it is even theoretically, only adapted to towns built on a perfectly flat plain—witness San Francisco, where street after street is rendered practically useless because their inflexible lines carry them straight up all but perpendicular hills. Worse still, the checker board makes no account of what experts call “natural traffic lines” and experience has proved that the idea of doing away



The future planned by the Mayor for Bensenville. The dotted lines represent main thoroughfares from 30 to 100 ft. wide; the heavy black lines show the proposed existing highways. The spaces between these main thoroughfares would be filled with side streets arranged on different levels according to circumstances.

with the congested "heart" is an absolute fallacy. Also the checker board is an enormous time waster. Going north so many blocks and then east or west to your destination is all very well for short distance traffic; long distance traffic demands diagonal cuts and is uneasy without them. Broadway, the only irregular street in New York, absorbs an enormous volume of traffic on this account.

As the experts say, the checker board system is not "flexible" enough—to say nothing of being the ugliest method that could be conceived by the most hopelessly utilitarian mind.

There is no lack of other systems to choose from; the "square and circle" system, the "hexagonal method"—all manner of plans which make the map of a town look like a new landscape pattern. Nearly all of them are good if properly applied.

plied and no attempt is made to lay down one or another and force development along those lines against its inclination. Generally, two or more of them can be brought into combination according to circumstances. Perhaps the best system to adopt as a general principle is the "spider web,"¹⁰ "heartwheel,"¹¹ or "radial" system in combination with the "checkerboard,"¹² or some other method for filling the smaller spaces between the big main thoroughfares.

But above all other things, town-planning is a matter on which it is difficult to lay down hard and fast rules. Every town must work out its problem for itself, taking into consideration the natural formation of its site and whatever existing system has already been established by force of circumstance and long usage. For the new model town with a dead level site

and no hampering established traditions the problem is reduced to its simplest form.

For the majority of towns the question is more complicated. Take the case of a purely imaginary budding city and see on what lines it might provide for its future.

On page 68 is map of "Boonville" as it is at the present day. The construction of an important spur line of railway up the valley in which it stands, its position in the centre of a newly opened farming district, the promised

to the south of the river, with the exception of South Hill, is fairly level.

The main street of the village is a section of an important road between Big City and Emporia. It runs down the valley, roughly parallel with the creek, and crosses the river by a bridge. At the north end of the valley it is joined by important highways from Jonesburgh, Beavertooth, Fish Tail and the Mountain Road from a flourishing mining settlement in the West Hills. At the junction of the Mountain Road with those from Fish

Tail, Big City and Beavertooth — about four miles north of the river—is the small village of Cross Roads. South of the river



Eleventh Avenue, Boonville in 1906 and again in 1908.

advent of several industries, and various other circumstances point to quick progress from village to town and town to city. "Half a mile in 1920" is Boonville's aspiring slogan.

First of all consider its site and strategic position. It stands in the mouth of a narrow valley at the junction of a creek with a fair-sized river navigable only for small craft. East of the town the river cuts through a high hill which rises from the valley and the surrounding flat country in a series of steep terraces—East Hill and South Hill. The valley is bounded on the west by a range of hills stretching off indefinitely to the north—West Hill; this is higher than East Hill and also rises in a series of steeply divided terraces. The lower part of the valley, at the mouth of the Creek, is low and swampy. The land

hence roads lead to Pottsville and Hallston. It is owing to its position at the bridge head, where traffic between these various places concentrates at the river crossing, that Boonville owes its origin and early growth.

The railroad main line runs parallel with the river about a mile south of the town, eventually crossing the river on the further side of East Hill. The new Spur Line crosses the river a mile and a half above the town and runs close up the western side of the valley. At the junction of the Spur and Main lines the railway company have built their repair shops and a

small number of artisans' houses are established nearby. Three miles up the valley the Spur Line has built a branch depot in order to shorten the mine haul by the Mountain Road. Sites chosen by incoming industries are on the south shore of the river and on the edge of the marsh near where an old saw mill already has a mill dam and water power.

Knowing the facts, put yourself in the place of the enlightened Mayor who is going to map out a general scheme for the planning of a greater Boonville. His field is limited and restricted in many ways. His plan must be governed by a number of existing facts and fairly definite probabilities.

1. The "Business Section"—the heart of the coming city—will in-

clude the Spur Line, the marsh when it is drained will be available for building; preferably, in view of this tendency, for factory sites.

3. The "Industrial Residential Section" will certainly establish itself convenient to these industries. Already there is a small artisans' colony at The Junction. The best and healthiest location would be



Boonville City Hall; in 1901 above and 1908 below.

along the lower slopes of West Hill.

4. The "Residential Section" of a better class would be well situated on the terraces of East Hill. There are fine sites here for big houses. There is also a probability of Cross Roads Village becoming a residential suburb

disputably remain where it is already established in the half dozen streets near the head of the bridge. Nothing is more conservative and unwilling to change its location than established business. At present, this is also the residential section, but that will very soon be altered.

2. The "Manufacturing Section" shows a tendency to grow up between the Main Line and the river shore, and also in the

for a time at any rate. There is ample room for further extensions of the residential districts all along the slopes of East Hill and on South Hill.

5. It is highly important that the Business Section, cramped between hills and hampered by the creek, should be encouraged to extend up the valley and still more encouraged to spread south of the river. It would be most inconvenient if circum-

stances were allowed to force it up the slopes of East Hill.

This divides the city roughly into sections or "districts of activity," each allotted some particular function for which it is particularly fitted by situation and the character of the ground. Of course, there can be no hard and fast dividing lines as in the old mediæval towns, but part of the business of planning will be to encourage each section to develop along the lines laid down for it. The Mayor and his Council must discourage the establishment of factories on the hills and guard against the building of cheap dwellings, eventual slums, in the industrial districts.

Feathering his problem deeply, the Mayor sketches out the plan on page 69. He does not intend it, of course, as a hard and fast, definite, unchangeable plan, but more as a pious aspiration for the town to live up to. As the town grows the plan can



London's ideal plan. See with how 2000 trouble spots the coaxed and twisted streets in the plan above fall into the regular lines laid down for them by the theoretic town planner.

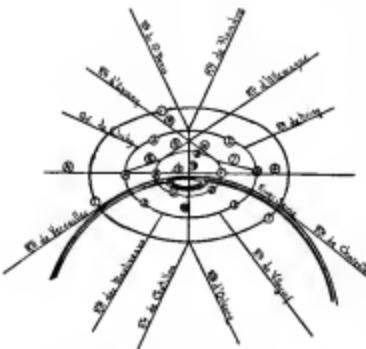


The main thoroughfares of London as evolved by the custom and necessities of ages. Apparently a puritanic stage of streets, they really suffice quite a regular and definite plan.

be brought out and its principles adhered to or modified according to circumstances. The filling in of side streets is left till need arises for them. Its want of symmetry may horrify the lovers of mediæval patterns, but every one of its dotted lines is sketched with a definite purpose and fulfills the first requirements of a "main thoroughfare," namely, to connect two points between which people desire to travel.

Each of the thin dotted lines represents a broad highway from 70 to 100 or 120 feet wide, according to its importance. The thick solid lines show where these paper highways coincide with or replace the existing roads. You will see that the Mayor has wisely taken the existing traffic system as the basis of his scheme. Roads have been straightened and the Mountain, Fish Tail and Jonesburgh roads have been brought to a single concentration point at "A," but in no case has traffic been forcibly diverted to any appreciable extent from the course it had evolved for itself.

In all towns there is a tendency for inward traffic to concentrate at particular points



Theoretic Paris. If some far-sighted Mayor of ancient Latelia had made plans for his city's growth they would have been something on these lines.

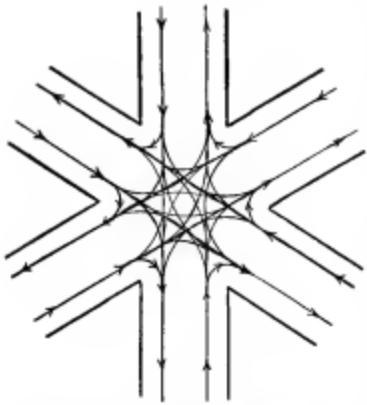
whence it diverges again in pursuit of its several destinations. These strong "concentration points" are at once the cause and effect of the crowded, busy shopping and business centres which invariably cluster round them. However, you may plan a town these concentration points will inevitably arise and in Greater Boomville the Mayor has sensibly provided for them as conveniently as possible instead of following the natural tendency of amateur town planners to suppress them altogether. They are placed conveniently to the districts they are intended to serve. "A" is the most important of them and has been placed where it is with the hope of attracting the "heart" of the town from the bridge head to a wider portion of the valley. The other concentration points are placed to receive and distribute traffic to the factory districts, the railway depots, and the residential districts. These latter are necessarily arranged along the edge of the valley whence easily graded roads can climb the steep slopes of the



Left to Right Paris has ages a great irregular cob-web from its original centre on the Seine Island in the Seine. You will see that the area of concentration is much larger than in London.

overhanging hills. The main thoroughfares connecting these various points are as nearly straight as topographical conditions will allow.

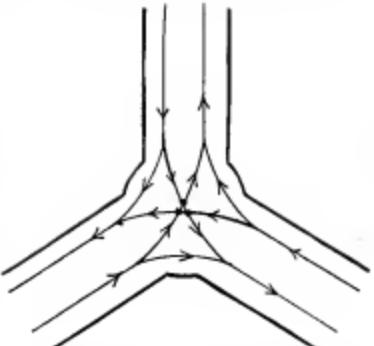
Much of the value of these points would be lost—indeed, some of them could not be established—if there continued to be but one bridge: traffic would inevitably stick close to the old original Main Street in order to cross the river. The Mayor provides four additional bridges. Three of them connect up the north and south factory districts and open lines of communication down the western half of the valley; the fourth assists the old bridge in its work of feeding and draining the city's "heart" at "A." Another bridge, five miles below the town would enable the great encircling boulevard to enclose East and South Hills, and the summits of these hills—ear-marked for Park purposes—could be connected by a



The nesting glove of six roads. Notice the extraordinary confusion of traffic likely to arise in such a case.

picturesque high-level bridge; but these are matters of minor importance with so young a town.

The "Residential" bills are opened up by a series of concentric terraces following the contour of the ground and connected one with the other by gently graded roads curving naturally towards the points of distribution. The dweller on West Hill, for example, would thus be enabled to descend an easy gradient to "C," "D," or "E," and thence proceed by the most direct radiating road to his work in factory or office. The residents on East Hill would concentrate and disperse at "A," "B," and "G," from South Hill they would descend to "H" and "K." It will be seen, in this connection, that the plan provides several alternative routes from place to place—"E" can be reached either directly from "G" or by a slight



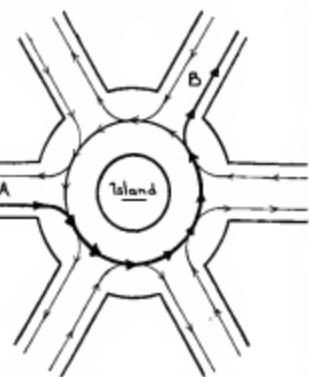
Here where but three roads meet the confusion is considerably less; yet these "concentration points" are vitally necessary to a city and must be provided.

detour by way of the river; from "H" it is possible to reach West Hill by three more or less direct routes—this is important, as it affords means of relieving congestion during the "rush hours."

These points, "A," "B," "C," and so on, would not necessarily be actual "circuses," open spaces into which the converging traffic pours; in many cases they could be made "concentration areas" in which the "circus" is replaced by a series of short side streets connecting the ends of converging thoroughfares without allowing them actually to meet. In any case, the Mayor has large and commodious "circuses" in mind where the traffic has ample room to circulate. Where a restricted circus is necessary and the traffic promises to be particularly heavy, special regulations could be put in force for its regulation—as illustrated in the diagrams on page 69. This is the sort of

thing the Mayor will be prepared for and remember at such times as the drafting of Street Railway charters; it would be a heart-breaking task to compel a street railway to relay its tracks according to the traffic flow once it had got good and "set" in another fashion.

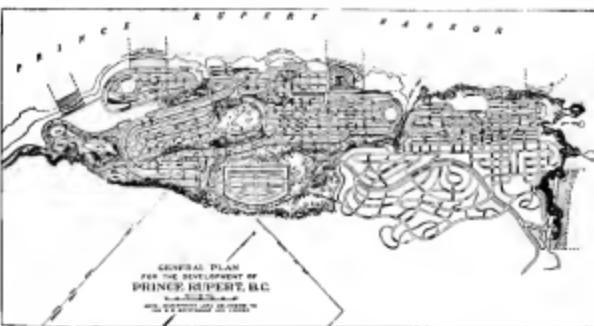
Thus does our far-sighted Mayor provide for Greater Boomville, a future along spacious and not unbeautiful lines—no specious at any rate as his topographical and other limitations will permit, with terraced hills of homes, crowned with spacious parks, rising grandly above the teeming workaday city in the valley, of small



A method of avoiding confusion where a number of streets meet—traffic entering the concentration point without the central island can oppose the road along which it wishes to continue, should another road be taken in a different way, or directly to B. The heavy line indicates the course of a vehicle from A to B.

and provided ample and above all natural circulation for the traffic.

The importance of this last point cannot be emphasized too strongly, it is made very evident in studying the ancient, un-



Prince Rupert—a new town which starts with a detailed plan for a considerable future. A very well planned town considering the difficulties and limitations of its site.

parks and open spaces, the planning of public buildings beautifully and conveniently, the planning of the side streets, and a hundred and one other things must be left for more detailed consideration, and no doubt will no doubt will modify the main scheme to some extent as they arise. At least the Mayor has prepared for healthy suburbs on rising ground, preserved the beauty of the river in its course between the hills



Edson, first divisional point of Grand Trunk Pacific Railway west of Edmonton, May 1, 1920.

planned, gradually evolved cities of Europe. Look, for example, at the map of London's main thoroughfares which is reproduced on page 72—apparently a mere tangle of streets, winding unnecessarily, wandering aimlessly. Wind unnecessarily they may do, but they are anything but aimless wanderers. Every one of those main thoroughfares has become a "traffic artery" because of the natural need for a main thoroughfare at or near that particular point and running in that particular direction. The two great "hearts" of the city are at the Bank (B) and Charing Cross (A) and all the main thoroughfares are the result of the efforts of the surrounding countryside to feed the districts of which these are the centres. In spite of all the obstacles of narrow streets, wiggly-piggledy buildings and what not, these "natural traffic lines" have forced their way into and through the city with very definite objects in view.

At the edge of the town they were simply country roads, winding from farm to farm as is the habit of old country roads, and when they are swallowed by the rising tide of bricks and mortar they become winding streets. Those roads that approached from the south were modified by the river and its bridges. For centuries there was but one London Bridge and the roads from Kent and Surrey converged at what is now St. George's Circus (C) to continue as one road across the river. As other bridges were built, so did new diverging roads come into being till now from the neighborhood of St. George's Circus the traffic spreads out again fanwise to cross the river at five main points between Westminster and the Pool.

A great French engineer, M. Henard, of

Paris, has reduced the plans of the chief cities of Europe to a diagrammatic form and a comparison of his diagrams with the actual maps shows, the idea, as it were, towards which the old haphazard roadmakers were blindly groping.

Suppose that in William the Conqueror's time, when London was about as big and as promising as Boomville, an inspired Lord Mayor had laid down some broad plan for the growth of the town, it should—if properly prophetic—have followed the lines of that formalized plan. Any divergence from the broad lines laid down thereon—such as the inflexible gridiron plan, or a circular plan with the Bank as a centre—would have forced the traffic into unnatural routes and would have resulted in far greater confusion and congestion as the volume grew larger than has been caused even by the irregularities of haphazard growth.

Paris, you will see, created quite a different variety of "natural traffic lines" for herself. Starting as a tiny group of fishing huts on the island in the Seine, as she grew she began to attract traffic from the surrounding villages and into the main road which crossed the island (now the Boulevards Michel and Sébastopol); half a dozen country roads converged to be increased as time went on by many others and to be joined by the three concentric ovals of the Boulevards des Fortifications, Boulevards Extérieurs, and the Grandes Boulevards. These, by the bye, mark the gradual spread of the city beyond its old medieval walls and again beyond its successive modern defences.

Berlin follows Paris to some extent with a "Ringstrasse" type of ground plan—concentric circles surrounding the "heart"



Another view of Edson, taken October 25, 1920 six months after first picture, showing how western towns grow.

of the town and being cut by converging main thoroughfares. Vienna has a variation of the same ground plan and Moscow has it reduced to a very simple form indeed.

It is only because of the obstacles they had to overcome and their lack of definite planning in the first place that the value of these ancient thoroughfares has been partially wasted. The chief object of the Mayor of Boomville is to insure that no such obstacles shall be allowed to vitiate what he judges to be the "natural traffic lines" of his city.

Unfortunately, there are many circumstances to prevent the majority of new towns from following Boomville's excellent example. Most incipient cities are ringed with smaller municipalities which work out their own ideas without reference to the aspirations of the city destined to engulf them. Then there are estates which resolutely block the way, precious vested interests not a hair of whose heads must be injured—and anyway civic and municipal powers are limited. Under existing conditions it is doubtful if the Mayor of Boomville's scheme would get beyond the paper stage in time to prevent the "heart" of his town at least growing into being on the usual unintelligent or haphazard lines.

Here and there cities are growing up along scientifically planned lines, or making some small struggle towards better things, and there is a definite movement on foot for increasing the planning scope and powers of ambitious municipalities.

St. John, New Brunswick, for example, has a most extensive town-planning scheme under consideration which looks very far forward into the future. A bill has been introduced before the provincial legislature giving the city extended powers in such matters as gilding and controlling the planning activities of neighboring small towns, restraining landowners from cutting up their estates without reference to the general scheme, ear-marking certain properties or portions of properties for public use and so on. The bill is intended to apply not only to St. John, but to New Brunswick generally. Perhaps it will lead to some measure which could be applied to the whole Dominion. Let us hope so.

Meanwhile the older cities and even comparatively young ones are driven to expensive cures for their terrible growing pains and the infant cities are mostly pursuing their heedless ways recking little that the same fate awaits them. Juvenile Winnipeg is contemplating spending \$2,000,000 or more on a great trans-city traffic route to correct some of its gridiron limitations; soon, Toronto will have to pour out some millions of money to rectify the errors of her unintelligent rectangularity. In the next fifty or a hundred years scores of ill-planned Canadian cities will have to spend many other millions in doing likewise.

And in these days, Boomville, with an assessment down to fractions of a cent, will regard the memory of its first Mayor with heartfelt gratitude.



"A Woman—eh?"

"Mandell, the Jew"—page 88

Mandell the Jew

By Ed. Cahn

I

Mr. Z. Murray, portly, red-faced, dressed in the height of fashion, foppishly in fact, flaunting a diamond scarf pin, diamond rings on two fingers and a massive and overly ornate fob, sat opposite Louis Mandell in the latter's private office.

Murray's hat was tilted at a rakish angle ill-befitting his forty-eight years. One thumb was thrust into the arm-hole of his pearl grey waistcoat, and the expression on his face, as well as his whole attitude savored of condescension and offensive familiarity.

He had been boasting of everything from his own prowess on the golf links to his wife's triumphs in society, and was just finishing an account of his last fling in the stock market, which had ended very disastrously, though he did not dwell upon that.

Through it all ran an insulting innuendo which boldly said: "I am of the elect, I belong—you do not. I consent to borrow from you, and in return for your filthy money I am giving you a verbal glimpse of that paradise, Christian society, which you and your wife may not enter. You are that thing accurst, apart—Jew!"

Mandell was representative of the highest type of his or any other race—the quiet in demeanor as he was in dress, dignified, unfailingly polite, and at the same time a keen and progressive business man. Unprejudiced judges said he was the ablest Jew in the city.

Besides his banking interests he had many other iron in the fire, not the least of which was philanthropy. Not the sort, however, which gives many libraries, schools and what not, widely heralding the donor; but the sort which makes a handsome contribution anonymous, and countless modest ones of the same sort. His

boothy knew no creed, no restriction, save that it be unadvertised.

In the business world he was known as "Mandell the Just." The word, used in its true sense, means more than generous—good—kind. It is the essence of all three, and something more. Louis Mandell was absolutely just.

Now, as he listened to the talk of this men Murray, and felt a wave of disgust overwhelming him, he came near to being unjust.

All this preliminary talk he felt sure, was intended to impress upon him the great social prominence of the would-be borrower; his lofty position, and the great honor he meant to bestow upon this money-lending Jew of what he deemed most obscure birth.

Mandell understood this, and the mean motive, and he caught himself hating Murray most heartily. Hating his pretences, his vulgarity and snobbishness—his very pearl grey waistcoat! And before he knew it he was glad that he had bought up all Murray's mortgages and "paper."

Then he recalled himself with a start, and despised himself for an unworthy Jew. What! Let such a person rule? Be annoyed at the ignorance and prejudices of an unthinking fool? Never!

He had been intending to bring the interview to a speedy close, but now he decided to let Murray talk on as he would. He would endure his society as a sort of penance, and he was curious to see just how far Murray would go.

Now he understood why Morrison, the retiring financier from whom he had bought Murray's debts, had hated him so bitterly, and his determination to if not ruin Murray, at least to bring him to his arrogant knees.

"Well, to make a long story short, Mandell," Murray was saying, "I want another loan. By Gad! It takes a pile of

money to keep afloat these days. Why my wife alone uses a fortune every year! Of course, the girls are growing up, and that counts."

"Indeed, yes," said Mandell, smiling, "my own daughter is getting to be quite a young lady. Soon—"

"Oh, but then she will never be coming out!" interposed Murray. "At least not in the real society that my girls are born to."

He laughed a trifle uneasily, suddenly mindful that such a remark was not becoming in a borrower, even one from the highest society, but an instant later he was reassured, for Mandell's face did not change.

"Trick skinned Jew," thought Murray. "A boor," thought Mandell, but the slow fires of anger were kindling.

Murray, his never very nimble wits slightly befuddled with his before dinner potations, was suddenly seized with the idea that Mandell meant to refuse to lend him the money he must procure in some quarter, and he was instantly furious.

While he silently cast about in his mind for a taunt, Mandell lifted his eyes. "Mr. Murray, you have not told me how much you require," he said evenly.

"By Gad, that's right! I haven't. Hang it! I never was meant for business. Fact is, Mandell, I want twelve thousand dollars."

"When?"

"Right away, as soon as possible. I'll return it inside of three months."

"It is very close to the end of the year, and I don't think the directors care to lend so much to an individual at this time—still—what security do you offer?"

"Security! Pshaw, Mandell—for twelve thousand? Why you could lend me four times that amount yourself; it's a mere bagatelle. If you want security, put it on the building. Hang it! I think it's good for twelve thousand. Well, say! One of the best little office buildings in town!"

"Indeed, it is worth twelve thousand, many times that—which it carries, but as security for a further loan, I'm afraid not."

"The deuce you say!" said Murray, flushing guiltily and wondering how Mandell happened to know so much about it. Recovering himself, he successively ten-

dered a block of houses, some unimproved real estate, his interest in a theatre, and finally his city home, but Mandell refused them all on the same grounds.

"Well, then," cried Murray, desperately at last, "I'll give you my word of honor!"

"I'm afraid you do not understand banking methods. Whatever my own inclinations might be, I, as an officer of this bank, cannot lend its funds unsecured."

This refusal angered Murray greatly, and now he realized that Mandell possessed full information as to his real standing, fully appreciated the fact that he had tried to deceive him into lending money on worthless collateral and despised him for it, that he saw through his shallow shams and bluster and with the realization every vestige of caution left him. He leaned forward, purple in the face. "Then you mean to refuse me, eh?"

"I am afraid you would be compelled to."

"We," sneered Murray, "we, eh? You are the president of this bank, and you are Cee. You dictate the policy. Oh, I know, it's common talk. Well, you look out or you will be investigated along with the other crooks some day."

Mandell laughed. "My dear Mr. Murray, truly that is childish, and funny." He laughed again and then rose. "Sorry, but we cannot accommodate you."

Murray sprang to his feet. As he did so he brandished his cane and somehow contrived to upset a small oval frame which stood on the desk. It rolled off on to the floor, and he stooped to recover it. As he straightened, his eye fell upon the picture it contained.

"A woman—, eh?" The tone was offensive.

Mandell extended his hand for the portrait. "My wife," he said coldly, but now the smoldering anger in his heart burned up brightly in his eyes.

"Some thing," said Murray brutally, glad to have given pain at last. Hurrying on the heels of malice came inspiration.

"Excuse me," he added hastily. "I meant no harm, and to prove it I'll tell you what I'll do. You let me have that twelve thousand and I'll have my wife take up yours and boost her into society, our set. It will be a hard job, of course,

but we can do it. What do you say?"

Mandell could not trust himself to speak, and Murray, in love with the idea, retold on. At length he paused for want of breath, and by that time, Mandell was his own man again.

"No thank you. My wife has no ambition to appear in your set."

"What! How do you know? Just ask her. Why you have no idea how eager all the women who are "out" are to be "in." Just ask her, and I'll warrant you she will soon make you see what a mistake you are making. She will count twelve thousand dollars cheap for it, too, if she is a Jewess."

"You are quite mistaken. I know. Good afternoon."

"Know! You crazy fool, you seem to know a —— of a lot. You Sheenies are all know and nose. I'm sorry I made that proposition. Why, our friends would never forgive us. The idea of your wife is the same set as Mrs. Murray——she ——"

"Stop!" Mandell's voice had the edge of chilled steel, and it quieted Murray.

He pointed to a chair. "Sit down." Murray obeyed.

"Mr. Murray, for a man in your position in life, you are singularly lacking in breeding and ordinary common sense. You evidently believe that by calling me a Jew repeatedly, that you are insulting me. That is a mistake, but since you mean it as an offense and have had the bad taste to extend it to my wife, I think a lesson may teach you to be more polite in future."

"I will overlook your attempt to get a further loan from me on worthless security, and—"

"Worthless!"

"Yes, worthless. That office building, that land, those houses, the theatre, your city home and country place, are all mortgaged up to the last notch—and I hold the mortgages. One mortgage is due, and the interest on two others, on December 24th, and I expect payment on time, that's all."

Murray's face went gray. "You hold the mortgages! All of them?"

"I do, every one."

Murray could read nothing but cold determination in Mandell's face, and at length he got to his feet and stumbled out in silence.

II

As Mandell left the bank to go home the same evening, a shabby urchin with a bundle of bills under his arm thrust one of them into his hand. It advertised some political meeting.

"It is appalling what power the present system puts into the hands of a few to wield over the mass of their fellow men," declared a sentence in bold type.

"Home, John," he said to the chauffeur, and climbed into the car. "Appealing power," he muttered. "Yes, it is appalling." His face hardened, then softened, looked schemed, and by the time he greeted his wife at dinner he was almost his old self again.

Elsie Mandell at forty was still a beautiful woman. She lived a quiet, useful life, sweet with good works and kind thoughts, and she was in every way a worthy wife to a good man. She believed that every woman to be quite happy should study her husband, and she had been studying hers most conscientiously for twenty years.

Mandell had scarcely unfolded his napkin before she was aware that something was amiss, but she was far too clever to say so. She told him the small news of the day in her brightest manner. Gifted with a talent for story telling and mimicry, she told him a story she had heard, and was rewarded with a laugh, but the faintly troubled look returned to Mandell's eyes, and she decided that he meant to wait until after dinner for confidences. She settled back in her chair, and while she idly watched the maid removing the dishes, Mandell looked at her.

The richly furnished room, the lustrous chair in which she sat, her artistic dress, all seemed merely a setting for her lovely self. He was glad that the children were not at home to-night, for he felt that he wanted her all to himself. How soft her silvered hair looked. How exquisite her face. Lit with great brown stars and faintly lined with the souvenirs of thousands of kindly smiles. She was smiling now at the maid.

"Tell Maggie this has been a delicious dinner, and we have enjoyed it very much. You have served it very daintily, too, Nora. How hard you try to please us! But I am afraid you are tired; you must go to bed early. If the bell rings after eight o'clock never mind, we will answer it. Now bring Mr. Mandell's smoking things and have your own dinner," she smiled again at the beaming Nora.

"Always kind, Rhea," said Mandell adoringly.

"Am I, Louis? Well, I should be, for you set me an example. I discovered today, quite by accident, that it was you who paid poor Casson's doctor bill, and put him into that little business where he is so happy. Why didn't you tell me?" She came and sat on the arm of his chair.

"Well, Miss, miss you know everything? Isn't it enough that I confess my faults to you?" said Mandell, pinching her ear.

"Faults? Though I know I am spelling you, I must say it; I don't believe you have any."

He puffed reflectively at his cigar. "Don't you, Rhea? Then listen to this." And he related his conversation with Murray.

"Now," he concluded, "this Murray, scion of an old family, supposedly rich, supposedly honorable, has borrowed the bank's money through me, and spent it in wasteful living. To-day he tried to trick me, then bribe me, and insulted me over and over, or tried to, which comes to the same thing, but he has done it once too often. He must be taught a few of the realities of life, a little truth, and I'm going to teach him!"

Rhea was silent, but her eyes questioned, "How?"

"You see, he is saturated with prejudices against the Jews, and, absurd as it sounds, he believes in this 'society' of his; in his 'friends' in it. I am going to give him an excellent chance to put them to the test. Morrisohn hated him, and bought up all his debts, unknown to him, except the ones with our bank. When he decided to retire and go abroad he sold them all to me, personally. I bought them purely and simply as a good business investment. In less than a month, December 24th to be exact, three payments ag-

gregating ten thousand dollars fall due. He came to me to borrow that money, not knowing that it was to me he owed it; and I refused him. I meant to make him a proposition that was not unfair to him, until he made it impossible. He cannot raise another dollar unless his friends give it to him, outright and unsecured, and I can force him to the wall, ruin him utterly, before January 1st, if I am so minded. I have made it a point to investigate him thoroughly, and have found that some of his transactions are irregular, though I think mainly through ignorance. He has been despised by his own people, and put by them in case of need, in the position of scape-goat, criminally liable, you understand. He and his wife and daughters are about as capable as butterflies, but that don't alter things. I can seize everything—land, houses, the very home he lives in, and turn him and his, dishonored and penniless, into the streets!"

"Louis! Don't talk so. It sounds dreadful. Why should Mrs. Murray and her children suffer for his foolishness? What would become of them?"

"That's Murray's lookout, I'm not responsible."

"Is that right or just? Wouldn't that be a stern revenge for a little bit of foolish talk? Who cares for it? Not we. If his prejudices and ignorance make him cruel, that is his misfortune, not ours. We, as Jews, must not do unwordly things just because one Christian does."

"But, Rhea, even from a business viewpoint I am justified," said Mandell, with涉ered eyes.

Mrs. Mandell laughed happily. "Now,

Louis, I know I owe you an apology for thinking even for a moment that you meant to be harsh. You are merely hair-splitting for the sake of getting me to argue. You have no idea nor intention of ruining Murray or any man. There comes our children!"

Mandell brought his first down on the table with a bang. "Rhea! I mean to teach that fellow a lesson he will never forget!"

She was silent an instant while she studied his scowling face, but she laughed as she opened the door. "I am not deceived, Louis."

III

On December 23rd, the office boy ushered into Louis Mandell's private office, a greatly altered Z. Murray. He was a wreck of his former self. Gone was his paunch, his face was aged and worn and pallid, dejection and defeat in every line. Gone was the overbearing manner, the diamond rings, the fob, the gold-headed cane, the pearl grey waistcoat and the vicious breath. In their places were gravity, a clear, though saddened eye, and strangely enough, a certain dignity.

"Sit down," said Mandell, evenly.

"Thanks, you will pardon me if I stand. What I have to say I want to say standing."

"As you like."

"Mr. Mandell," the banker noticed that he used the prefix now for the first time, "I have two things to say to you, and because I know you can't have very much of an opinion of me. I'll say this first. I'm down and out. I can't raise the money I owe you. You will have to foreclose."

He paused and then went on with trembling voice. "But Mandell, for God's sake put it off until after the holidays. My girls don't know yet. They are away, and will not be home until Christmas Eve. I—I can't tell them then. Let us keep the house a few days longer, for their sakes and my wife's. Will you?"

"That is not usual," said Mandell, in a deliberate tonesless voice, "but I will consider it."

"Thanks. I hope you will. Now, I want to apologize for my offensive remarks, especially about your wife. For her sake I hope she will never give society a chance to treat her as it has treated me. It's heartless and bad, Mandell, and I never knew it until I needed my friends. My own fault. I am ashamed of the I have not a single one—and I guess it's things I said to you about the Jews, and I beg your pardon for them."

He turned without waiting for an answer and started for the door.

"Wait a moment!" cried Mandell, springing to his feet. He overtook Murray in the ante-room and grasped his hand.

"You are a man! I admire you," he said warmly. "As for that money—the papers are my personal property, not the bank's so don't worry about it. Any time will do, six months, a year, whenever you are on your feet again."

The office boy was ushering in a newcomer.

Murray, utterly surprised, stared at Mandell half dazed.

"Do—do you mean that?"

"I surely do. You'll excuse me now. I must see this gentleman at once."

Murray began incoherent questions and thanks, but Mandell stopped him.

"Good-bye now, you really must excuse me and, now that we understand each other better, I hope we shall be friends."

Moonlight

The silver moon has cast her witching light
On gum trees tall,
The mystery that only lives by night
Is over all.

The shade the gaunt trees cast on all around
Quivers, and seems
The weird mis-shaped reflections, once more found,
Of long-lost dreams.

—J. L. Rankin.

Big Business in Sport

THE MANNER IN WHICH HIGH FINANCE DOMINATES
CANADIAN LACROSSE, EXEMPLIFIED IN THE
STORY OF THE "BIG FOUR"

By J. V. McAree

Big Business dominates the age. In the United States recently there have been exposures of the relations between Big Business and the Bench; in Canada not infrequently we hear of the influence of Big Business in Politics. But Big Business is now making itself felt in new channels; it has invaded the field of sport. It dominates baseball, the favorite sport of the United States, and is securing a grip on lacrosse, the national game of Canada. The story of the "Big Four" as herein related will throw a new light on financing lacrosse in Canada.

THE season of 1912 is likely to be memorable in the annals of lacrosse. It will see some notable names wiped off the map of Canada's national game, names that have been associated with it for almost a generation; and in their place will be inscribed the names of a small handful of business men. For lacrosse, if it has not ceased to be a sport, has become a business. It will be run by business men, and will be managed according to business methods. Let not the lover of the game suppose that the change is for the worse. Let him remember that baseball is a business, too; and that it only became the absorbing passion of the people of the United States after it had ceased to be a mere pastime, governed by the whims of its exponents, and became as carefully organized as a bank, as cautiously and shrewdly managed as a successful factory. The lovers of the game in Montreal and Toronto will see better lacrosse and more lacrosse than ever they saw before. They will be asked to pay for it, but they will get their money's worth. If they got their money's worth last year they will get twice their money's worth this year. The players will receive more money than ever

before, which means that the expenses of business men into whose hands lacrosse in the two chief cities of Canada has fallen will be greater than in the past. Nevertheless, as business men they are willing to spend an extra dollar to make an extra dollar and a quarter, if not this year, then next year, if not next year, then the year after. In the words of the song then, everybody ought to be satisfied.

Alas! that it should be necessary to dispel this bright illusion. The old guard is far from satisfied, and the members of the old guard are spread over this broad Dominion from coast to coast. In Ottawa and Cornwall, long the very centre of the lacrosse world, they are ready to lynch the upstart business men who are supposed not to know a lacrosse stick from a diving helmet, and who yet are determined to run the game according to their own ideas. The world famous Shamrocks, of Montreal, could muster a lynching party, probably, that would consider it partly a pleasure and partly a duty to lynch the promoters of the new Dominion Lacrosse Association. From the west, from Vancouver and Westminster would come a band of enthusiasts to identify

themselves with the rites, for the intrusion of the business-like easterners threatens to deprive British Columbia of her unique and remarkable position in the lacrosse world, and put her on a footing more in keeping with her ability to produce lacrosse players. British Columbia has been skimming the cream from lacrosse for the past half dozen years. It is the idea of the easterners that she should diet herself on skim milk for a while, to strike her proper average.

BEGINNING OF THE INVASION.

The forces that were to revolutionize the game of lacrosse were set silently in motion when the Toronto Railway Company bought the assets of the Scarborough Beach concern from the liquidators about a year ago. Among the assets was a franchise in the National Lacrosse Union. This was an error. It ought to have been in the liabilities, since a later investigation showed that the club had lost money for its backers as long as it had been in existence. However, the Toronto Railway Company took the club over, paid the salaries and other expenses, and handled the gate receipts throughout the season of 1911. The team finished in the first division, and had it won another game, would have been tied for first. It was not put out of the race until the last game, but was a strong contender all through the season. In fact, playing with its local rival, the Tecumsehs, at Hanlan's Point on Labor Day, the last scheduled match of the season, it played to a crowd of more than 15,000 people, the greatest number ever gathered at a lacrosse match in the history of the game in Canada. Nevertheless, calculations at the end of the season showed that the club had lost something more than \$5,000, without making any allowance for the rent of the grounds, which would probably bring the loss up to about \$7,000. The Toronto Railway Company, or rather Manager R. J. Fleming, who had become keenly interested in the game, began to think it over to discover the reason for the deficit.

FINANCING THE GAME.

As mentioned, the team was in the running until the last game. So it was plain that the position of the Toronto in the league race was not accountable for the un-

satisfactory financial statement. It was recalled that not in the memory of man had there been a season with so few rainy days. Every game the team played on the home grounds saw conditions almost ideal for lacrosse. A further examination revealed the fact, however, that the attendance was most uneven. Seven home games had been played, not including an exhibition match with the Otagawaga Indians, who drew a very slim crowd. Six of the games were league matches, and one a game with the Tecumsehs for the city championship. The game with the Tecumsehs, and three other games had drawn good crowds. The three other games had tempted out a mere corporal's guard. The fact was that the followers of lacrosse in Toronto had anticipated the result of the matches with the Capitals, of Ottawa; the Shamrocks, of Montreal, and the Cornwall team. These three teams were far weaker than the Toronto, and had not been conceded a chance to win. To see the games against the French Canadian team of Montreal, the Nationals, the Montreal Athletic Association's team and the other Toronto team, the Tecumsehs, the people had turned out by the thousand. That is to say, the games with the Montrealers, the Nationals and the Tecumsehs were sound games from a business point of view; the games with the Shamrocks, the Capitals and the Cornwall were unsound. There were not enough good games to make up the deficit caused by the poor games, and the traveling expenses when the team was away, and, therefore, the loss of some \$5,000. It ought to be understood that the home gates are the only gates a team receives. When it plays away from home, it gets a couple of hundred dollars, which does not more than cover its train fare, to say nothing of the wage bill for the week.

FORMATION OF THE "BIG FOUR."

This situation was being pondered by Mr. Fleming and his lieutenants when it was announced from Montreal that a movement was on foot to free the Toronto team out of the National Lacrosse Union, and hand over the franchise to a gentleman who had been the former president of the Toronto Club. Some friction had arisen in the management of the team

through the seasons, and there was reason to believe that the former president was none too cordially disposed toward the railway management. Also, it was said that some of the veterans lacrosse magnates were opposed to the "commercialization" of the game, and looked with no friendly eye on the Toronto Railway Company as a purely money grabbing concern, with no respect for the noble lacrosse traditions, and those who were thought to be their exclusive custodians. In this connection it is not violating any secret to mention the names of Messrs. O'Connell, of the Montreal Shamrocks; Furman, of the Capitals, and Lally, of Cornwall. Being a purely money grabbing concern, the Toronto Railway looked with horror on any movement to deprive it of anything, even though it had proved a liability, and at once set about protecting itself. Inquiries revealed the fact that neither at home or abroad were the Shamrocks, the Capitals or the Cornwallis likely to be drawing cards. They had not the money to buy the best players from other cities, and when a "star" was developed at home they had not the money to keep him there, and so he drifted to British Columbia, or to some of the stronger teams in the National Lacrosse Union. The idea of forming a new league to consist of the four strong teams in the league, and drop out the weak sisters were proposed, and the other three strong teams were communicated with. From the beginning the Tecumsehs, of Toronto, entered enthusiastically into the project, although they had made money on the season. The Nationals, of Montreal, also gave their hearty support, partly on business grounds, and partly because they had had a quarrel with the old league. Then the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association was conferred with. It turned the proposal down in emphatic fashion at the annual meeting, for reasons best known to itself, but I may suggest that it welcomed this opportunity to commit barri kari as far as professional lacrosse was concerned. The M. A. A. A. is an amateur organization, by far the finest of its sort in Canada, and a credit to every sport with which it has been associated. There was a considerable number of members that never was satisfied that the club should have gone into profes-

sional lacrosse, and my own idea is that these gentlemen were glad of an excuse that would put them out of it. Some others objected on the more sentimental grounds that their traditional rivals, the Shamrocks, were to be dropped. Some others objected to Toronto starting anything in lacrosse. These elements among them formed a large majority of the club, and the new association was vetoed. The Shamrocks were communicated with. They indignantly repudiated the suggestion that mere upstarts should venture to make any changes in the game, and rejected the idea without consideration. It was necessary that there should be a second Montreal team, because a four-team league could keep every team playing every Saturday, and with two teams in Toronto and two in Montreal, there would be a game in these cities every Saturday throughout the season, which was desirable, not only from the point of view of the game, but because of the value of the publicity in the papers every Monday. This was the way the business men looked at it. The sentimentalists would have asked Capitals or Cornwallis in, probably, because these teams had been associated with the traditions of the game. The promoters of the Big Four, however, sat about interesting another Montreal team, and they got in touch with Mr. George Kennedy, manager of the Club Canadian, a great sporting organization of mixed English and French speaking members. Kennedy is a successful boxing and wrestling promoter, and has also successfully managed the Canadian Hockey Club in the National Hockey League. He is the highest paid sporting man in Canada, receiving a straight salary of \$5,000 per year for managing the club. Mr. Kennedy saw the money making possibilities in the new league, and promptly applied for membership. The four clubs met in Toronto, elected Mr. Percy Quian, formerly a star goalkeeper of the old Shamrocks, and at present a well-known insurance man of Toronto, president, put up a bond of \$5,000 apiece and got down to business.

SOME "BUSINESS" CHANGES.

Much might be written about the crisis that went up when it was announced that preparations for a new league were under

way, and when it became apparent that the names that had been associated with lacrosse for almost a generation were not to figure in the councils of the insurgents. Readers who are interested in this phase of the matter have read columns of it in the daily newspapers. My desire, however, is to trace the working out of a business idea in Canada's national sport, and the walls of the veterans and the pessimists do not figure in it. It might be remarked, however, that the Big Four, as the new Dominion Lacrosse Association is called, believes in publicity, and realizes that without publicity it might fail. No one can deny that lacrosse has had more publicity since the season ended in 1911 than it has had in the ten previous winters. It has actually outstripped baseball as far as the press of Toronto and Montreal is concerned. The Big Four has shown the crooks how to get publicity, at least. When the playing season opens it will show them some other things.

Business people who succeed have only one method. They provide their customers with what the customers want. The business men who had invested their money in the Big Four met to draw up their playing rules and this was the question that they asked—What does the public want? What alterations can be made in the rules of the game that will be satisfactory to the public? Several changes were made, at the suggestion of these business men who were supposed not to know an outside home from a centre scrummage, and you cannot find any experienced lacrosse man who will deny that they are changes for the better.

The most important change is that in regard to penalties. Hitherto, when one lacrosse player slugged another or fouled him, he was penalized by being sent to the fence for a period of from five to twenty minutes. His team was thereby weakened, for it was obliged to play a man short until the penalized player returned to the field. So frequently have these penalties been handed out that it was rarely, indeed, that two teams ever played a quarter at their full strength. Usually it would be eleven to twelve, ten to eleven, eight to ten or to twelve. Penalties decided the games rather than playing. Penalties and the referee. From the

referee's decision there was no appeal. He could lay three or four men off a team at a critical moment and hand the game over to the opposing team. As a rule, the referee was just; or they tried to be, but the Big Four felt that the authority of the referee should be limited, and that the old penalty system should be abolished. So they changed the rule, following the baseball precedent. In baseball, no matter what happens, you always see a full team playing. If a player assaults another or misbehaves himself he is laid off but another player takes his place. Suppose a pitcher ragged an umpire, and the umpire put him out of the game for an innings, insisting that the team should play an innings without a pitcher? Too absurd to imagine, isn't it? Yet that is what the old lacrosse rules did. That is what the new lacrosse rules abolish. Instead of being put out of the game, a player who commits a foul will be fined. If he commits a serious foul he is fined automatically \$25, and is put out of the game but his place is immediately taken by another player. The public that pays its money to see twelve men playing against twelve men will see them, no matter should one player use a shotgun on another. The game will go on.

Another important innovation, designed to put an end to rough work, and thus make the game more acceptable to the general public, and particularly the ladies, is in reference to the fines. Hitherto, players have been fined for foul play, but it was the custom for the clubs to pay the fines of their players. In future, the players must pay their own fines. There is a penalty of \$200 incurred by the club that pays a fine for a player. Readers who know anything about lacrosse players are aware that when the fine comes out of the pay envelope of the offending player, he will "eat out the rough stuff." Many a player would enjoy taking a "swipe" at another, for there are dozens of feuds maintained among the sixty or seventy hardy athletes who will play Big Four lacrosse this season, but he would enjoy \$5 or \$10 still more.

ALL WORK WELL, TOO.

There is also a heavy penalty involved should a club fail to start its matches on

time. There is no margin allowed in this respect, and rain or shine all games must start exactly at 3.30 p.m. The referee is made responsible for the selection of goal umpires, and the public will be spared the annoyance of waiting while the team captains walk up and down before the grand stand looking for some one who will consent to act as umpire. Games have been delayed for a quarter of an hour in Toronto simply because no preparations were made in advance to have goal umpires in attendance.

A further improvement is the regulation that calls for large, plainly distinguishable numbers to be placed on the back of every player. This will enable the general public to identify a player instantly. With twelve men in uniform, six or seven of them moving in all parts of the field, it is very difficult for anyone not well acquainted with them to pick out the author of a particular play, good or bad, at the moment it is made, but with the numbers staring from the players' back, this will be changed. The men will bear the same numbers throughout the season. They will be printed on the programmes, and names and numbers will be plainly shown on a large scoreboard at the grounds, together with the score, the names of players scoring goals, and those penalized for any reason. There may be also a man with a megaphone to announce the name and reason for any fine as soon as it is imposed by the referee.

These improvements in the playing rules amount to a revolution in the game of lacrosse as far as the general public is concerned. From the nature of the game, it may be impossible to apply to it all the business principles that have made baseball what it is. It is too strenuous to be played in first-class form every day of the week, with double headers on holidays and Saturdays. A man can hardly play two strong games a week, any more than a pugilist could fight two hard fights in the same time, or a race horse give his best

running without several days' rest between. It may be, however, that in a season or two we shall see lacrosse matches on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and that the big professional teams will carry about twenty men, so that, by giving their "stars" frequent rests in the course of the games they will be able to play twice a week.

Now is it improbable that, should the present season prove a financial success, the men behind lacrosse will be encouraged to lay out fields specially adapted for lacrosse games. At present, there are no such fields. They are all too large, too long and too broad. The larger the field the slower the game tends to become, and the farther away the crowds are from the play. In the future, lacrosse may be played in a huge cage, where the ball can never get out of bounds, where it will be in play every instant, and where some such terrific speed as is seen in senior hockey games will be maintained. Should this day come, as in the opinion of Mr. George Kennedy, manager of the Irish Canadian lacrosse team, it is bound to come, a new style of play will follow it. As in hockey, "playing the boards," that is to say, ramming the pack from the side of the rink, is one of the most interesting features of the play, so it may be with lacrosse in those days. In these circumstances, lacrosse ought to be the most spectacular and popular of summer games. It ought to make headway in the United States, and form a welcome change to a steady diet of baseball. In England, there are more lacrosse clubs than in Canada, and the game's future in the Old Country is extremely bright.

The impetus the game will receive in Canada as a result of the introduction of progressive business ideas will be felt wherever it is played, and as far as the eastern strongholds of lacrosse are concerned, namely, Toronto and Montreal, the present season is destined to be the greatest in the history of the sport.

The Balance of Power

By John Reed Scott

JOE MATSON was not popular with his neighbors. He had bad trouble with all of them every year for years. If Sam Peeler's hogs found a defective panel of fence and foraged over in Matson's meadow, Matson promptly penned them up and demanded damages. If Silas Casey's turkeys strayed down the public road to Matson's barn and mingled with Matson's turkeys, they thereby were instantly amalgamated into Matson turkeys, and calmly claimed as such when Casey went for them. And as turkeys much resemble one another, it was hard to call his cool bluff, unless by chance they were of a special breed and easy to distinguish. In which event, Matson, instead of driving them back to Casey's, invariably drove them in the opposite direction. If Jim Paxton's cows made an excursion into Matson's corn, there was a hullabaloo that the community remembered for months. And if Dave Bacon's horses at night jumped the fence into Matson's pasture, it was pretty certain that Bacon would find them shut up in Matson's farthest field.

On the other hand, if Matson's bogey or turkeys or cows or horses strayed or broke into any of the neighbors' fields, he let them forage there in calm content, if he did not need them; or, if he did need them, he would go and take them with the air of one who was retrieving stolen property.

All of which did not make for popularity, as has been said. But the neighbors, being neighborly—which is a duty, as well as a custom, in the country districts—bore his ugly conduct, both because they did not want to go to law about it, and because of his wife—particularly his wife. For, as is frequently the case with mean men, Matson had married an estimable woman, and their troubles with him, they knew, were as nothing when compared to hers; for she had lived with him fifteen years, and still lived with him;

which, by common consent, qualified her for sainthood in the hereafter.

Lately—within the last year—she had come into a small inheritance by the death of her father, and with the money they had bought the farm of a hundred and twenty-five acres on which they had been living. Matson had assumed that the title would be put in his name, but the lawyer for the estate—who was also Mrs. Matson's lawyer—had the deed made to her, and when Joe stormed and objected he was calmly told that Mrs. Matson's money purchased the farm and in Mrs. Matson would rest the title.

"And she has no power to deed it over to you," said the attorney. "It wouldn't be worth the paper it is written on. A wife can't grant her real estate to her husband." He might have added, "except by the intervention of a third party"; but he did not, for he knew something of Joe Matson's ways, being the family counsel.

Matson was mad all through—the hope of years was suddenly dashed from him. He had counted on old Matson's death, had planned himself on acquiring the farm with the money he would get through his wife; and now he was little more than her tenant. Hitherto he had been an independent farmer; henceforth he was nothing—nothing, but a drudge.

The ride home was not pleasant. Mrs. Matson's efforts at conversation were met with sulky silence and angry stares.

"It's just the same as though it was you'n," she protested.

"Except that it ain't!" he snarled, with a vicious cut at the mare's back, which made her plunge and jump in surprise and fear, and gave occasion for several more cuts.

"It's just the same as before," she argued, "except that we'll get everything off the place instead of half."

"We! We! Who's we?" he sneered.

"Why, me and you, Joe; who else?"

"Me and you!" he retorted. "I thought so—I come in at the tall end. I'm just a hand on the place. You're the boss now." "You'll get half of everything," she averred.

"I will, hoy!—and you'll git the other half, I reckon. I'll be doin' all the work, and you'll be getting half. Nice thing, isn't it?"

"But you're doing it for half now; and the other half goes to Williams, the landlord."

"Yes."

"And now the half will go to me for our use and the children's."

"Hump! Then I'm your tenant, am I?"

"No."

"Then what am I?"

"You're my husband."

"And as sich I must get my livin' from you. Nice thing, isn't it?—with another crack of the whip. "Depending on a woman—hump!"

"But it's all in the family, ain't it? It will all go for our living, Joe. We'll have twice as much as we used to have."

"We'd 's' had it just the same if I'd owned it—and not jest be the man about the place," he growled. "Working Williams' farm on shares is respectable, but it ain't respectable to work for you wife."

"Ain't me and you one?" said Mrs. Matson.

"Don't seem so," snapped he. "Look at the deed. I'm not mentioned, am I?"

"I don't see what's to be done," she sighed. "Lawyer Brant says it's not allowed for me to do to you."

"Lawyer Brant don't know everything. I wish I'd 'n' went to see somebody else."

"And Lawyer Brant said I mustn't give it to you," she objected. "He said it wasn't right for a woman to give everything she owned to her husband."

"Lawyer Brant's a fool," Matson exclaimed. "It stands to reason, when a man works to make the money, he ought to own the property, not his wife."

"But I work," she argued.

"Work? You?"

She nodded. "All I'm able—from before you're up to after you've gone to bed."

He laughed sarcastically. "You do the

milkin', and the housework, and the cookin', and 'tend to the chickens, and feed the pigs, and look after the garden, and such small things—about an hour every day would do it all, if you didn't load!" He turned into the barnyard, got out of the buggy, and let his wife crawl down the best she could. "And what's more, I'm not going to stand it," he threatened. "I've about made up my mind to quit."

"Joe Matson, what do you mean?" was the amazed query.

"Jest what I says. I'm thinkin' of quitin'. It's your farm, so maybe you can git someone to farm it."

"Oh, Joe!" she replied sadly, and went slowly across the road to the house.

The eldest daughter met her on the back porch.

"Did you get the deed, Mamma?" she asked.

Mrs. Matson nodded. "But you pa isn't pleased."

"What's the matter now?" said Dora.

"He wanted the farm deeded to him, but Lawyer Brant said it had to be deeded to me, because my money paid for it."

"Lawyer Brant ought to know."

"That's what I told your pa; but he's awful mad about it."

"Let him be mad. He's always mad," said Dora.

Meanwhile Matson, having put up the horse, came into the house to change his clothes, kicked the cat out of the way, as a sample of what his temper was, and, having left his apparel scattered around for some of the women-folk to pick up and put away, he went down along the public road and fell to work on a panel of fence.

Presently Dick Sowerby came driving along. He lived on a near-by place, but was not an actual adjoining, and, as all the neighborhood knew of the prospective visit to the county town and the object thereof, he promptly pulled up.

"Well, you got back, did you?" he inquired.

"We did," said Matson shortly.

"Got your deed, did you?"

"Maria got her deed."

"Then the farm's yours now. It's a nice place. Going to make any improvements?"

"Don't know," was the answer. "You'll

have to ask Maria. She owns it. I don't."

Sowerby smiled. He understood the situation. "That's so—it was her money what paid for it. What did you give for it, might I ask? Thirty-five hundred, wasn't it?"

"I didn't give anything for it. I tell you, Maria done the buyin'. It's her place, not mine."

"Well, you're not finding fault on that account, are you?" Sowerby asked. "I'd be very glad if my wife inherited enough money to buy the place we live on."

Matson's only reply was a more than ordinarily vicious smash at the post with the maul, and Sowerby drove on, leaving behind him this parting shot:

"I reckon you'll farm it on shares, Joe, jest as before."

Sowerby heard the angry fall of the maul until he had crossed the big hill beyond the Run, and he softly chuckled to himself.

Bill Sykes came by a short time after. He was returning from town, where he had sold his wheat at a big price, and in consequence was feeling particularly amiable.

"Hello, Joe!" he called, pulling up. "I saw you in town, so I reckon you got your deed, did you?"

"Yes," said Matson curtly.

"Pretty nice place you've got, Joe—and it makes a heap of difference when you own it yourself."

"Yes," Matson granted.

"No landlord to consult about the crops. You can do as you please."

"Yes."

Sykes looked at him a moment. "Ain't you feeling good?" he asked.

"I'm not sufferin'."

"You ain't makin' much noise, if you are!" laughed Sykes. "Don't look as if you're happy over your purchase."

"My purchase!"—leaning against the fence. "Wasn't my purchase. I didn't buy the farm. The old woman bought it."

"What's the difference?"

"There's a heap of difference. How'd you like to be your old woman's tenant?"

"It wouldn't matter to me which of us had the deed for it, so long as it was in the family," he replied. And he drove on,

cogitating upon this phase of Matson's meanness.

Matson continued to work, and to nurse his trouble; and the trouble grew every minute, and the work decreased, until at last he stuck his hatches into the post and sat down to brood. He was only the tenant for the family now—he would soon be simply the hired hand, without even wages. He'd have to knockle to a woman—and that woman his wife! Have to consult her wishes as to what crops he should put out; lay aside her share of the wheat and corn and oats; haul it to market; feed only such cattle as she permitted. It would be Maria this, and Maria that, and Maria everything—with Maria having the final say. He would not tolerate such a condition. He had been in a sullen rage when he got home; now he had worked himself into a passion of determination to do something! Something!—to kill himself—to kill his wife—to leave the place and never return—to—— He could not decide what, but it was going to be something!

He was so much occupied with his thoughts, he did not see the machine coming quietly along the road, running down-grade, until it stopped in front of him, and the District Attorney inquired the shortest and best way to Squire Wilson's. Matson got up at once and politely gave him the information. The District Attorney was known the county over, and Matson was sufficiently wise not to vent his ill-temper upon him. Moreover, it had flashed upon him that here was his opportunity to ask his question. If the District Attorney said it could be done, that was an end to it—no one would dispute him.

"Mr. Sargeant," said he. "I'd like to ask you something. I'd like to know if my wife can make a deed to me which will stand the courts."

"Not directly to you," the District Attorney replied, "but she can through the medium of a third party." And when he saw the vague look on Matson's face: "I mean, you and she can make a deed to someone else, and then that person can make a deed to you alone."

"And it will be good?" inquired Matson eagerly.

"It will be valid. No one can successfully attack it, except your wife's creditors."

"Will you be home to-morrow?"

"I expect to be in the office all day."

"And will you act as this other fellow?"

"It is customary to have an unmarried man act as the intermediary, but I can arrange it, if you wish. However, you would better go to Mr. Brent. He is your counsel, isn't he?"

"Not any more he ain't!" said Matson. "We'll be in to-morrow, Mr. Sergeant."

The car rolled on, and Matson, in grim triumph, resumed his work. Brent had lied. The deed would stand in court. It could be done. And it should be done—or he would know the reason why. Then the big hell rang for supper, he went in, washed his face and hands, took his seat at the kitchen table, and ate the hem-fried potatoes, and bread without a word. At the end, he poured the last of his coffee into the saucer, and leaving it there to cool, looked across at his wife.

"We're goin' to town to-morrow," he announced.

"Why, Joe, we were just to town today," Mrs. Matson protested.

"That's just why we're goin': to have fixed what we had fixed wrong to-day." He leaned forward over the table. "We're goin' to have the deed made to me—es it should have been."

" Didn't Lawyer Brant—"

"Lawyer Brant lied, and maybe you knew it," he cut in. "I got other advice this afternoon."

"The District Attorney? I seen him go by."

"Maybe you seen me talkin' to him, too, did you? Well, he says as how it can be done; so we're goin' to have it done to-morrow morning. We'll start right after breakfast, so have your things ready. I'll take the deed now, so we don't forget it."

Mrs. Matson half rose to obey, from forces of habit; then she sank back into her place and went on with her supper.

"Do you hear? Get me the deed!" he ordered.

She slowly shook her head, while her face got white and her hand trembled.

"I ain't goin' to town," she said.

"You ain't! You're doin' what I tell you. You're gettin' me the deed right

now, and you're goin' to town in the morning. You hear me, Maria?"

"I hear you, Joe," she replied, "and I'll get you the deed, but I'm not going to town."

"You'll change your mind before mooning, I'm a-thinkin'." He brought his fist down on the table with a bang, making the dishes leap and clatter, and the children flee to the protection of their mother—all except Maud.

She stood up and faced him. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she cried.

Matson leaned over and struck her across the mouth.

"You're a coward!" said the girl.

He reached for her, but Maud was too quick for him. The door slammed in his face, and she was gone.

"Seems as how the girl is right!" his wife commented, as he swung around.

"She'll never come back here!" he shouted.

"I reckon she will—this is my house. I own this farm, you know."

He sprang forward. She gave the unpredictable a quick push between them. He struck it full, stumbled; and it and the dishes and he went down in a heap together. Matson, it may be observed, was a nice man in this—he never swore. It was distinctly against his religion.

He slowly picked himself up from the debris. His wife and the children had vanished. He stalked out in front of the house. The children were hurrying down the road toward Silas Casey's. Mrs. Matson was standing beside the front gate, watching them. She turned as he came up.

"Joe," she cried. "I'm sorry I said what—"

"You'll be sorrier when I come back, if you don't do what I want," he interrupted, with a shake of his fist. "I'll give you two hours to think over it and then, if you don't know, I'll do something you won't forget very soon."

"Joe, you're wild!"

"I'm just wild enough," said he, pausing in the gateway—"I'm just wild enough to best some sense into you if you hasn't got none in two hours—do you understand?" And with another menacing gesture he went on.

Mrs. Matson watched him go across the road and through the meadow until he disappeared in the timber beyond. Then she sighed heavily and went back into the house, to the overturned table and the spoiled supper.

She wished she had never got a dollar from her father's estate—wished she had not bought the farm—wished the deed had been made to Joe, if it could be done—wished that Joe had the money instead of her—anything for peace. It had been anything for peace all their married life. She might as well give in—if the lawyer could find a way. Lawyer Brant had said she could—she did not know; law was a queer thing to her; seemed as how the lawyers, who ought to know, always differed. Maybe it was their way.

She had cleaned up the mess, washed the dishes—only a few were broken by the fall—and reset the table. Then she discovered that the molasses jug was cracked, and she got a pitcher from the corner cupboard to take its place. She regretted the jug—it was one of her wedding presents. When she looked up, Steve Matson—Joe's brother—was coming up the walk. She had always liked Steve; he was so different from Joe; such a happy disposition; so easy-going; such a favorite with the neighbors—just what Joe was not, she reflected sadly.

"Hello, Maria!" said Steve, stretching his long length on the porch and lighting his pipe. "Did you get the deed?"

"Yes," said she. "Where's Joe?"

"Down in the woods some place."

"Where's the youngsters?"

"Down at Casey's."

"Joe be back soon?"

"I don't know."

He looked at her sharply. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Joe's on one of his tantrums, is he?" She nodded.

"Pretty bad?"

"The worst he's ever had."

"You don't say! Is that why the youngsters put out?"

Another nod.

"Tell me about it," said he kindly.

"Maybe I can do something to help you. Joe's not a bad sort, but he's apt to be infernal mean at times."

Mrs. Matson sat down on a rocker, rolled her arms in her ample gingham apron, and told him the story. She had not much hope of Steve being able to help, but it was a comfort to have someone to sympathize with her; and she knew, from experience, she could depend on that.

He listened in silence; and she told him all, as best she could, from the scene at Lawyer Brant's to Joe's threat at the gate. At the end, he glanced off toward the distant woods a moment, before he replied.

"I think I can help you, Maria—lesswise I'm going to try," he remarked.

"What can you do, Steve?" she asked anxiously.

"Leave it to me, Maria. It's better you shouldn't know anything about it till it happens. Said he'd be back in two hours, did he? Well, you take Maud's room and leave yourn to me—and don't come in till I tell you. No difference what racket Joe makes. And, Maria, you keep the farm—do you hear? Don't matter what the lawyers say you can do, don't do it. Your money paid for the place—it's yours. You'll do what's right about the living; and if Joe gets ugly again—which I don't think—all you've got to do is to tell me. I'll straighten him out, you bet!" He leaned over and rattled her hand in a brotherly way. "Now get the youngsters back from Casey's, and then go upstairs. I'll wait for Joe."

"You're awful kind, Steve," said Mrs. Matson, "but Joe's powerful mad, and there is no telling what he'll do, even if you are his own brother."

"Don't you worry about me, Maria!" Steve smiled. "I reckon I can take care of myself. I'm pretty near big enough."

"I don't want you to get into any trouble on my account," she protested.

But he only laughed and pushed her quietly off to Casey's. When she came back with the children, he saw them safely indoors; then he went down to the barn a moment. On his return he ascended to the front bedroom—which Matson and his wife occupied—and, drawing a chair to the window, seated himself far enough back to enable him to see out without being seen.

Night had fallen, but the moon was near its full, and the country around was distinctly visible. A party of merry-makers passed on their way to a festival: several automobiles chugged by, a dozen or so buggies, with now and then a pedestrian. Presently it settled down to the country quiet, broken only at intervals by the cocks crowing, or the neigh of a horse in pasture.

At length, two hours and more after Steve had begun his vigil, he saw a figure crossing the field from the woods. It was Matson. He climbed the hen at the barn and disappeared in the shed. When he came out, he had a buggy whip in his hand.

"H'm—I thought as much," muttered Steve, and proceeded to crawl into bed and to pull up the covers so that a hint of his head was visible on the pillow.

He was soundly fixed when Joe's heavy step sounded on the stair, and he entered the room. Steve lay quiet.

"Now, Mrs. Matson," said Joe, "I've brought a rowhouse with me, and I'm going to give you a heatin'—unless you've changed your mind about the farm. Have you?"

The form under the cover moved, but there was no reply.

"Answer me!" he cried angrily. "You won't? Well!—bringing the whip down on the prostrate figure with a vicious swish—"maybe this will open your mouth."

It did. It opened the covers also, and Steve sprang out and grasped him by the collar.

"Steve!" gasped Matson. "I didn't know—"

"I reckon not," said Steve quietly, as he stooped and drew a short wagon-whip—the sort teamsters use—from under the collar.

bed, where he had concealed it. "Now we're going to have a little beating on our own account, with you for the beater, as the lawyers say. See?" and he wrapped the whip around Joe's shoulder and up his neck. "How do you like it, hey? Or this?"—cutting him around the legs, while Joe yelled. "Or this?"—cutting him across the body. "It was had enough to bully and browbeat a woman"—crack!—"and you've been doing it for years"—crack!—"but now"—crack!—"it seems"—crack!—"you're going"—crack!—"to take"—crack!—"up the beating"—crack!—"also"—crack!—"are you?"—crack!

The collar gave way under the strain, but Steve shifted his grip to Joe's elbow, and, holding him at arm's length, like a child, he beatored him until he shrieked and prayed for mercy.

"I reckon that will be enough," said Steve at last, releasing his brother and stepping back. "But if I ever hear of you goin' ugly again with your wife, or if you dare to raise your hand agin' her, I'll give you such a bidding you'll eat your victuals off a mangled-piece for a month. You let your wife's property alone. It's hers, and she's a right to it. She's a good, sensible woman, and only asks to be treated decent. Do it, do you hear?—or by darn!"—a significant motion ended the sentence.

"I'll do it?" sniffed Joe sullenly. "I'll do it, Steve—if you don't tell!"

And he did. The dread of ridicule, if the story of the whipping got out, and the fear of big Steve's good right arm, were effective. Thereafter there was peace in the household. And, strange to say, Joe Matson mellowed—very gradually—into a better neighbor.

Sleep—The Great Vitalizer

MORE SLEEP AND LESS FOOD CONDUCIVE OF HEALTH
—A TIMELY HEALTH TALK ON SOME SLEEP TROUBLES

By Doctor Andrew Wilson

The series of health talks which MacLean's Magazine is running can not fail to be of much practical service as well as of timely interest. The outstanding object is to make the talks useful—to deal with medical problems in such a way that they will be understood by the average reader. In this brief article the importance of sleep is emphasized, and a course of remedial treatment prescribed for some of the more common sleep troubles.

SLEEP is much more to all of us than food itself. We can do with less food if we go to bed and rest and keep warm, because in this way we both make up for lack of food, producing heat, and for limiting the body's work. This is what the Lancashire wives did in the great cotton famine of old. They put their menfolk and children to bed, and thus made the food supply go further. But, on the other hand, no amount of food can ever replace sleep. However much nourishment we take, it is impossible for brain cells which are wearied out—to say nothing of bodily organs, also, needing rest—to renew and repair their energies unless sleep comes to their door. The high importance of a proper amount of rest is thus duly brought home to us, even if by experience we did not know how necessary for the maintenance of health sleep is. A man can live on a meagre diet; he may manage to get along fairly well on even insufficient food, and still maintain his health; but once he begins to lose his sleep and to pass disturbed nights, then, no matter how well he may be nourished, clothed, and otherwise have his physical wants attended to, he is bound to sink into a state of ill-health.

Disorders of sleep are not limited to those cases in which extreme wakefulness keeps a person from getting his modicum

of repose. We get instances of sleep which is of the disturbed type, where the person sleeps, but where his rest is very imperfect because he dreams incessantly, or because he gets short stretches of sleep between intervals of waking. I have often thought it is an easier matter to deal with cases of outright sleeplessness than with those in which repose is disturbed and of erratic and uncertain kind. The causes of the former are more readily discovered, as a rule, while the origin of the disturbed rest-conditions may be very difficult of determination indeed. No doubt certain causes are common to both. The most frequent sources of sleeplessness, apart from mental worry and brain irritation, are said to be found in some bodily state, such as is responsible for rendering our brain-cells indisposed to accept the very rest they require. For example, the common habit of eating late at night, and what is more to the point eating heavily, is a cause of sleeplessness represented at both ends of the social scale. The fashionable person who, after a late dinner and the theatre, finishes with a supper which ends at half past twelve or one a.m., is very much in the same position as his humbler neighbor, who, after the play, or at any rate, late at night, tackles a heavy, indigestible meal, which may range from cold



beef, pickles, cheese, and beer, to something hot, but equally heavy.

It is clear if we wish to have sleep come to us naturally, we must, above all things else, have the stomach clear and resting when bedtime comes. One might make an exception here in the case of old people, in whose case a glass of warm milk, or a hot drink and a biscuit, given an hour or so before sleep-time, acts favorably in inducing rest. But in the middle-aged healthy person the stomach should be clear of all its duties when he goes to rest, for that organ itself demands rest, and an active stomach stirs up the whole nervous mechanism of the body to work. Again, digestive states where, say, the liver is not acting properly, where there is a deficiency of bile, and, as a consequence, constipation, illustrate causes both of sleeplessness and of disturbed rest, such as are well to be borne in mind. The influence of a loaded bowel in upsetting the nervous system is fully recognized by physicians, and many a case of restlessness at night has been cured when a proper diet has been taken, when less meat is eaten, more exercise daily ensured, along with an occasional dose at night of two compound cascara salicis, followed in the morning by a little Apenta water.

Of brain worries, family concerns, and business troubles as sources of sleeplessness, I can say but little. The worried man's rest becomes disturbed naturally enough; his brain-cells have become over-excited, and do not yield to the feeling of natural tiredness as do those of a healthy man. It is for him that medical aid desires to do its best, because brain-cells thrown out of gear, even for a short time, are apt to produce serious results on the whole system. Then come erroneous habits, which may, and often do, need correction. Excessive smoking is a common cause of sleeplessness, and so is the excessive use of alcohol. Both causes send the nervous system into an unstable state, and so give rise to sleep troubles at large. Finally, we need to sleep in a quiet, dark place; the air of the sleeping room should be pure, any excess of bed-clothes is to be avoided, but the feet

must be kept warm. Many a case of sleeplessness arises from chilled feet, giving rise to disturbance of brain circulation, and so preventing repose.

One point I should like to make plain regarding sleep is that it represents a natural habit of body, just as sleeplessness, in its turn, represents an abnormal, or unnatural habit. Clearly, all we attempt to do—indeed, all we can do—in sleep troubles is to endeavor to abolish the unnatural state of things, and to replace it by the natural state. This, it is true, may be a difficult task, and in almost every case it is a slow proceeding—a fact, this latter, which impatience people will do well to bear in mind. Unfortunately, it takes little to develop a bad habit, as a rule, while to restore the good habit may be, and often is, a slow and gradual process. Perseverance, with whatever remedies are used, is, therefore, an important point in connection with the work of cure.

Simple remedies should be tried first of all. A two-mile walk before bedtime is excellent, and a light meal—if food be needed late at all—taken not later than two hours before sleep may be found effective. No late smoking should be indulged in, and, above all, no late reading of any character such as tends to set the brain-cells reviewing the exciting incidents of the book. Sleeping or "napping" through the day must be forbidden. With regard to drugs, remember they are only useful to get the brain back into the sleep-habit. To depend on any drug to procure sleep habitually is to defeat the very purpose for which it is taken. A simple remedy is twenty grains of bromide of sodium or of potash dissolved in water and taken at bedtime on an empty stomach. Two (or three) tablets of bromural dissolved in water and taken at rest-time for two or three nights should induce the return of the sleep-habit. These are harmless remedies, but even they must not be used continually. The real cure, as I have shown, is alteration of erroneous habits of living.

All opium and like narcotic drugs must be left for a doctor to prescribe them if he regards them as necessary.

Mammon Bows

By William Hugo Babke

"GOOD morning, Miss Burbank," said Dickie, running up the steps to the Manor Richelieu. "You look like the little sister of all the sunshines to-day."

Anita Burbank smiled appreciatively at the tall young fellow as she gave him her hand.

"You have the dearest way of making compliments," she said, throwing her head on one side, and seemingly analyzing the situation; "you have spoiled me quite completely."

"But every one at Murray Bay pays you compliments."

"Yes, they do," she admitted, with a slight frown; "but yours are different; they're not—well, the same."

Dickie Dalrymple beamed, then became suddenly serious. The light went out of his handsome, boyish face, and, as he sank into a chair beside his companion, his eyes grew sombre. He sat quite still, his finger-tips pressed tightly together, moodily watching the water of the Gulf dancing its happy little dance in the morning light. His mind dwelt on the struggle during the long, sleepless night, just past. He had won it, and he would live up to his resolution. It was hard, though—bitterly hard! Especially after Anita's cordial, intimate manner of receiving him.

"Have you come prepared to monopolize me to-day?" she asked, interrupting his reverie.

He made no reply, but moved uneasily in his chair.

After a pause, which Miss Burbank considered quite long enough, she remarked: "Aren't you sorry you were impolite?"

Still no reply from Dickie except a grunt and a wriggle.

"Aren't you so-r-r-y?" she repeated, with a draygo, teasing inflection.

"Do you want to be monopolized?" asked Dickie abruptly.

Miss Burbank bent her head demurely. Then, from beneath the wealth of her fair,

sun-kissed hair, her eyes flashed a mocking, tantalizing glance in his direction.

"Does a girl ask if she is going to be unless she wants to be?" she queried in a tiny, little-girl voice.

Dickie vouchsafed no answer. His thoughts had turned again to realities, to duty, to his struggle, to his victory over himself. Had it been a complete victory? Was he going to have the strength to create himself? Ah yes! He had settled all that in the early morning hours. He had made a resolution, and he would live up to it, no matter—

"You're wonderfully entertaining this morning," Miss Burbank was saying; "wonderfully—and polite—and charming. Mr. Driscoll asked me to go motor-boating with him—or is it boat-motoring? Yes, he did so; and, if you'll excuse me—"

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed Dickie, springing to his feet. "Not Driscoll! Any one but him!"

"You don't mind my going with any one else? It's just prejudice? You wouldn't miss me for myself?" Miss Burbank assumed a most grieved expression.

Bentley Driscoll was the richest and oldest of Miss Burbank's admirers, while Dickie was the poorest and youngest; and Dickie hated him with an unfeigned hate.

"Don't go out with that bant," he exploded. "If you will stay and talk to me, I'll be nice to you, although I didn't mean to—"

"Oh, you want to scrap! That'll be fun," cried Anita, little umps of mischief gleaming in her eyes.

"No, I don't want to scrap," groaned Dickie. "I want to say something very serious; it's serious to me, at least."

"You're not going to say anything serious to me on this veranda with about four million of the idle rich within eye-and-ear-shot. I object."

"Then let's go up to our nook. It'll be the last time."

A startled expression clouded the girl's face; a look of wonder crept into her eyes. She arose quietly, tacitly acquiescing. She walked the length of the veranda at Dickie's side, her boyishly graceful gait in harmony with his pre-occupied stride. As they descended the steps, there came to Dickie's ears disjointed scraps of a conversation carried on behind him.

"Young Dalrymple"—"Makin' good"—"Lucky dog"—"Coin in bunches"—"Her father—"

Dickie's face burned. Then came a sudden, bracing pride in his resolution. He glanced at Anita, but if she had heard, she made no sign.

They walked down to the shore, following the curve of the river until they reached a path leading up over a high bluff. Near its summit was the nook that held the sweetest of their summer's memories. The girl was silent now, walking with head erect, her fearless, gray eyes gazing straight ahead, a little puzzled wrinkle appearing between her brows as though she were thinking deeply.

Dickie's thoughts were on the big things of life. His mind dwelt on a heterogeneous mass of things tangible and intangible. Life, money, poverty, motors, work, the girl at his side, his love for her, that last, most of all, churned around agonizingly in his brain. He wondered just how many millions Henry Burbank was worth, anyway. And then—sickening thought—just how many of them could that girl, that incarnation of youth and happiness, clasp in her little white hands and call her very own? His fancy created a Chinese wall of money that seemed to separate him from all that life, in its fullness, might hold.

"Money," he said aloud, "disgusting!"

"Isn't it?" agreed Anita. It was the first time she had spoken since leaving the hotel. "Just look at it back there at the Manoir; the place reeks of it." She sniffed disdainfully. "I can almost smell it here."

"Oh, not here! Not here in this blessed sunlight!" exclaimed Dickie.

They were ascending the steep hill path, and Dickie felt the nearness of a crisis; of a crisis, and of tragedy. For was it not tragic to wilfully offend against the great,

clean love in his heart for the glorious creature that God in his goodness had made for him, and to which, man, in the pettiness of his sorrid customs and conventions, was denying him his right? His resolution was inflexible—or that he was certain. He, in his comparative poverty, would not, could not reach out a hand to grasp this glittering prize in the matrimonial market with the certainty, if successful, of being branded as a vulgar fortune-hunter by every small-souled gossip in Montreal. He feared that the thought would come ever between him and his love. His pride was in arms; and, unconsciously, he deified it and magnified it out of all proportion to its value in the scheme of his life.

Presently, they reached their nook, a semi-circular, roofless room, walled at the back by the clean, living rock, open in front to the blue waters, far below, and to the brilliant, golden sunshine, far above. Dickie's mind was so completely filled with the sense of his own misery, with the frowning of his pitiful little farewell speech, that he was entirely oblivious of the girl's attitude. In the selfishness of youth be thought only of his own woes; in fact, he dared not think that she would suffer also. Had he thought of it at all, he would have sincerely wished that she were indifferent; at least, he would have believed that he wished so. After all, what would her coldness matter? She was soon to go out of his life; he would see to that.

Anita stood at the very edge of the rocky shelf, gazing out at the blue-and-gold splendor. In her eyes, also, gloomed the recognition of tragedy; but, in their grey depths was no hint of submission. She recalled how she had led on this lovable boy, step by step, through the long, delicious summer. She had deliberately brought into play all the puissance of her personality, her beauty, her allure; all the irresistible charm of her femininity. She had watched the light grow in the boy's eyes. Attraction, Eking, love they had had, and, at last, a deep adoration. It had been deliberate on her part; she wanted it. Why?

Why? She knew the reason; she faced it boldly. She also knew why he had brought her to this sun-drenched spot this



"They were ascending the steep hill path, and Dickie felt the nearness of a crisis."

morning, and why he was silent with a numbing heart-ache. She rebelled against being disposed of lightly. Her life was her own; her love was her own, to bestow where she would. No one's foolish pride should crush the sweetness out of her life.

Her eyes assumed the color of tempered steel; the young face became a study in determination.

The boy broke the silence. "Anita," he said huskily.

"Yes, dear?" The endearment came so naturally that it seemed to Anita as though it had been the custom of years.

Dickie winced. "Don't," he pleaded. "It makes it so much harder." He gazed at her in silent misery.

"This is the end, Anita," he said brokenly. "It's the end because I—no, I won't say it; I promised myself not to. I am going."

"What about me?" cried the girl, supplication and sudden anger striving for supremacy.

"About you?" gasped Dickie, stupidly. "Do you care, too?"

"Do I care? Are you blind, or heartless, or just plain idiot?" she snapped.

"Oh, Anita! I'm sorry!"

"Sorry? Why? When we've got a chance of a whole great, beautiful heaven of our own if we're only not foolish enough to miss it up! I'm not foolish enough, anyway!"

"But, I resolved——"

"What do I care about your resolutions, and your pride, and your fright? I know what you resolved—not to propose to me. You were thoroughly satisfied with yourself when you heard those overfed pigs on the veranda——"

"Did you hear, too?" interrupted Dickie. "That's just it, you see; it's not possible."

"You are putting your pride above me!" cried Anita, an angry note in her voice. "Dickie, Dickie," she continued, the anger changing to softness in a moment. "I wish I had all I possess right here, this minute. It would be heaven to drop it, bit by bit, into the clean, blue water down there, and to feel that each splash crumbled a stone in the wall between us."

"O Sweetheart, you're making it hard for me," he said bitterly. "Why do you?"

"Why do I what?" asked Anita with a flush of her old impishness.

"Make it so hard to leave you."

"Probably, because I don't want you to," she said demurely, regarding him out of the corners of her eyes; "and I usually get what I want."

"It's well I know it!" groaned Dickie. "But in this case you won't. My mind is made up."

Anita remained silent. The laughter died slowly out of her eyes. In its stead came a look of unwanted dreaminess.

"Dickie," she said, speaking very low, "you promised yourself not to ask me to marry you."

He nodded.

"I honor you for it," she continued, "and you mustn't ever."

The tragedy of the parting was drawing very near. It was evident to Dickie that the girl's point of view coincided with his own. The wall was impregnable, and hope was a thing of the past.

"It's not true!" cried Anita, suddenly. "I do want you to! Oh, I do—I do!" Her innate truthfulness rebuked against her former statement. "But you won't?" she asked, breathlessly. "You won't lower your standard?"

"No," answered Dickie, bowing his head.

This, then, was the end. It had to be; she asked it now. This was final.

"I am glad you didn't," said Anita, gravely. "You wanted to—Oh, I know, I know! And I—I wanted to be wed. It is the curse of my wealth that I cannot be."

She looked at him with deep seriousness for a long moment. Then came one of her sudden changes of mood. The old, mischievous smile played about her lips. "I am glad you didn't ask me," she challenged. "But, any way, it isn't necessary."

"It isn't necessary," repeated the girl, her eyes sparkling; "because you can have me without—but—if you ever remember me of it when we're—when we're——"

Dickie caught her in his arms. "Anita!" he whispered. "Anita!"

As these two looked deep into each other's eyes, the great god, Mammon, bowed and went out of their lives, leaving them in peace.

Dr. Marden's Inspirational Talks

L—THE PERSISTENCY THAT NEVER GIVES UP H—WHAT

KIND OF IMPRESSION DO YOU MAKE?

III—THE PAIN OF SUCCESS

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the late editor of *Success Magazine*, is now a monthly contributor to *MacLean's Magazine*, which is the only monthly publication in the world to which he has undertaken a contract to contribute regularly each month. His inspirational talks have been translated into most foreign languages, so popular and helpful have they proved in America. Canadian readers will be interested in the continuations of this remarkable series. In this issue three subjects are dealt with briefly.

L—The Persistency That Never Gives Up

Have you ever seen a man who had to give up in him, who could never let go his grip whatever happened, who, every time he failed, would come up smiling and with greater determination than before to push ahead? Have you ever seen a man who did not know the meaning of the word failure, who, like Grant, never knew when he was beaten, who had cut the words "can't" and "impossible" from his vocabulary, the man whom no obstacles could down, who was not disheartened by any misfortune, any calamity? If you have, you have seen a conqueror, a king among men.

The late Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbs) said that one secret of the American's success is that he is not afraid of failure, that he plunges into the thing he has set his heart on with all his might and enthusiasm, without even a thought of the possibility of failing, and that if he does fail, he gets up with more determination than before and fights until he wins.

Tenacity of purpose is characteristic of all men who have accomplished great things. They may lack other desirable traits, may have all sorts of peculiarities

and weaknesses, but the quality of persistency, clear grit, is never absent from the man who does things. Drudgery can not disgust him, labor can not weary him, hardships can not discourage him; he will persist no matter what comes or goes, because persistency is part of his nature.

There is no other quality which stands so near genius as persistency. It has won many a battle after the other qualities have surrendered, when even judgment had given up, and hope had been abandoned. The youth who has the faculty of holding on, though he may be stupid in school, and dull of comprehension, is likely to win out in the end. A boy is more likely to succeed in life if he has this one quality, even if he is lacking in all other success qualities, than if he possesses greater brilliancy without it.

After a friend of a New York merchant had named a number of good qualities in recommending a boy for a position, the merchant said, "Does he keep at it? That is the principal thing. Does he have staying qualities?"

That is the great life-interrogation. "Do you keep at it?" "Can you stick by

your proposition?" "Can you persevere after failure?" "Have you grit enough to hold on, to stick and hang, in spite of the most disheartening obstacles?"

It is the man who can stick to the disagreeable job, do it with energy and vim, the man who can force himself to do good work when he does not feel like doing it—in other words, the man who is master of himself, who has a great purpose, and who holds himself to his aim, whether it is agreeable or disagreeable, whether he feels like it or does not feel like it—that wins.

When genius has failed in what it attempted, and talent says impossible; when every other faculty gives up; when test retires and diplomacy has fled; when logic and argument and influence and "pulls" have all done their best and retired from the field, gritty persistency, bulldog tenacity, steps in, and by sheer force of holding on wins, gets the order, closes the contract, does the impossible. Ah, what miracle tenacity of purpose has performed! The last to leave the field, the last to turn back, it persists when all other forces have surrendered and fled. It has won many a battle even after hope has left the field.

The world makes way for the determined man. Everybody believes in the man who persists, sticks, hangs on, when others let go. Tenacity of purpose gives confidence. If you stick to your purpose through thick and thin, if you have the genius of persistence, you have the first qualification of an achiever.

It was holding on three days more that discovered the new world. It was holding on a few hours more which brought the explorers to the pole. The same is true of scores of inventions. The world owes more to the persistency that never gives up than to almost anything else.

There are varying degrees of persistency. Some men start out with great zeal, but turn back at their first defeat, while failures only enhancer others, call out their reserves, and make them all the more resolute, determined to win.

Those who are bound to win never think of defeat as final. They look upon it as a mere slip. They get up after each failure with new resolution, more deter-

mination than ever to go on until they win.

The real test of character is what a man does after he fails. What will he do next? What resources, what inventiveness, will his failure arouse in him? Will it discover new sources of power, will it bring out reserves, double his determination, or will it dishearten him?

This is the test of your manhood. How much is there left in you after you have failed in your undertaking and have lost everything outside of yourself? If you lie down then, throw up your hands, acknowledge yourself beaten, you are not made of the stuff that wins.

Grit is the master key which unlocks all difficulties. What has it not accomplished? It has paid the mortgage on the farm in innumerable cases; it has enabled delicate women to save the home for the family; it has stood in the gap and saved thousands of men from destruction in disasters and great emergencies, in hard times and business panics; it has enabled poor boys and girls to pay their way through college and to make places for themselves in the world; it has given cripples strength to support aged and invalid parents. It is more than a match for any handicap; it has tunneled mountains, bridged rivers, joined continents with cables and spanned them with railroads; it has discovered continents; it has won the greatest battles in history.

On every hand we see people who have turned back, people who had pluck enough to begin things with enthusiasm, but did not have grit enough to carry them to a finish.

Thousands of men to-day are in poverty and suffering who found out after they had given up that they had been almost in sight of victory when they surrendered, who saw those who took up the work where they had dropped it very quickly win out. I believe that a large proportion of the failures in life could be prevented just by holding on a little longer.

Some time ago a Chinese man told me that his firm being heavily embarrassed, the partners, after several consultations, had decided to make an assignment. Going home after this decision had been reached this man took up a magazine and read a little squib, headed "Do Not Give

Up Yet; Hold On a Little Longer." He was so impressed by it that he telephoned his partners and told them he wanted to make another effort to extricate the firm from its difficulties before giving up. In one year from that day, the firm had not only saved its reputation, and been spared the humiliation of bankruptcy, but was actually making money. Only a little more grit, a little more persistency, was needed to save the situation.

There may come a time in your life

when you will have no idea what to do next, when you may not be able to make a single intelligent move, when you can see no light ahead. Then is the time simply to hang on and refuse to give up.

The point at which you are tempted to turn back, the point when your grit leaves you, will measure your achievement power. Your ability to go on, to continue after everybody else has turned back, is a good measure of your possible success.

II.—What Kind Of Impression Do You Make?

The future of many an applicant for a position depends upon the impression he makes on entering an office. A trained manager or employer usually makes up his mind very quickly whether he wants the applicant for a job or not. His trained eye takes in the situation at a glance.

The first impression is very strong. A sloped appearance, soiled finger nails or linen, anything that indicates slovenly habits or the lack of thrifty habits will be very hard to overcome.

Look out for the first impression. Your future may depend upon it; but do not act or try to deceive, because your would-be employer can detect that as quickly as any other defect. Just be simple, natural, transparent. Go with an open mind. Do not let your eyes wander all over the room or out of the window. Look the man right in the eye. Be direct, plain, simple, alert. Mankiness, honesty of purpose, earnestness always make a good impression.

You make such a bad impression upon a prospective employer that he is thrown into doubt, even if he has been told of your marked ability. He may be disappointed in your appearance. You may have written him an excellent letter, your recommendations may be very flattering, and yet, if for any reason, you impress him unfavorably, he may say to himself: "I do not believe I want this man after all. His manner does not carry conviction. It does not back up his recommendation. He does not carry his letter of credit in his face. I see weakness in the uncertain glance of his eye. It does not indicate a clear brain, a quick perception. His mind

is sluggish; he is slow to observe; he is not alert; he does not grasp a situation quickly; his brain seems muddled."

Employers are powerfully influenced by the first impression you make upon them. If you do not back up a good appearance, if you are not well posted generally, if you show any weakness in your make-up, if your conversation is not intelligent, if you do not sustain the reputation which has preceded you, you are not likely to get the place.

There is one thing above all others that employers look for, and, that is, honesty of purpose, sterling integrity, dead-earnestness, a disposition to improve, an ambition to get on. They will have nothing to do with a man who is not honest, who is not square in all his dealings, who is not progressive. They expect to see indications of this honesty and progressive-ness in his looks and manner. No matter how brilliant an applicant may be, no matter how good an appearance he may put up, if he has not an honest eye, if his furtive glances indicate cunning, deceit, secretiveness, if there is a lack of simplicity, if there is a lack of directness in speech or manner, a disposition to cover up things, employers will not trust him. They will not take chances by hiring him.

You may be looking for promotion and, perhaps, wondering why you are not advanced, or why your employer takes no notice of you. Perhaps you are surprised that you have not attracted the attention of people outside, of men in other establishments, or that you have not received this appointment or that; but have you

thought what kind of an impression you are making upon people? Have you studied yourself to see whether or not you have any idiosyncrasies or peculiarities which are placing you at a disadvantage and keeping you from making a good impression? Have you any bad habits which crop out and show themselves in your face and manner, or hinder your advancement?

Do you give the impression of being a positive, creative man, a leader? Do you carry victory in your manner, or is your expression that of weakness, hesitancy? Is there any suggestion of shiftlessness in your manner? Is there a lack of initiative in your make-up? Do you look as though you were a success? Do you walk like a success, talk like a success? Do you give people who are watching you the impression that you can put things through with vigor and efficiency, or that you have the ability to get them properly done?

The ability to make a good impression is the best kind of capital. The man who is so constituted that he is obliged to spend a great deal of time and energy in overcoming an unfavorable impression, in straightening things out, writing letters of apology and explaining, is placed at a great disadvantage. Besides, we are always prejudiced against the person who makes a bad impression upon us, and it is impossible to give him full credit for what he does do, because that prejudice is always holding up and we cannot get rid of it.

III.—The Pain Of Success

A real success is always more or less painful, because of the necessary hard work, the sacrifice of comfort, of leisure, of pleasure, which it involves. No one can achieve anything very great in this world without a lot of drudgery, without depriving himself of many pleasant things which would be very agreeable to the senses. The success candidate must turn a deaf ear to the thousand and one allurements which tempt him, and keep his eye and his mind uncompromisingly fixed upon his aim.

Many people seem to think that marked success in any line ought to bring con-

I know a man who has been placed at a tremendous disadvantage all his life because he is so constituted that he is always antagonizing people and always making a very unfavorable impression, especially among strangers. People do not like to deal with him because of his seemingly disagreeable qualities, although those who are well acquainted with him know that he has a very generous heart, and that he will do anything for his friends, that he is really a much better man at heart than many others who make a good impression. But he is always running against people's prejudices and saying and doing things at the wrong time. In fact, he seems to be ill-timed. He does not fit his environment or the times in which he lives.

The result is that, although a very hard worker, and a man of great ability, he has never been able to rise in the world, because everybody, except those who know him intimately, is against him. It is unpleasant to deal with him, and he is avoided as much as possible.

On the other hand, what an immense advantage there is in being able to make friends and hold them always, to leave a good impression wherever you go as to your ability and character, never "slipping over," or running against other people's prejudices.

One's ability to get on is influenced immensely by his ability always to make a good impression.

Personal satisfaction, unalloyed happiness. As a matter of fact, all great achievement is in a sense painful, because of the tremendous price paid for it. It demands stern unrelenting discipline and an usual power of self-control. The world's achievers have ever been great sacrificers of self-control, of ease, of the many little pleasures and the freedom from anxiety and vexation which we all love.

A great singer, a great actor, a great lawyer, a great statesman.

There are plenty of people in the failure army to-day who would have been successful if they could only have withstood the

temptations of their fails and fancies, the temptation to have a good time, to take things easy, to be comfortable. They lacked the backbone and the stamina to force themselves to pay the price of success in self-denial, in self-sacrifice, in hard work. If they could have obtained the prize without paying the price, without the strenuous struggle, they would have won out. But they held on to everything that was pleasant, agreeable, desirable; they could not let go the things that gave them pleasure. They would have liked to have studied, to have made up for their early deficiencies, but they could not sacrifice the good time evenings or holidays. They would have liked to have bought books, or to have gone to school or college, but they had to have the good clothes, the social enjoyments.

They were not willing to sacrifice the lesser for the greater; they were not willing to pay the price of success. They could not understand why there was not some

way to reach the heights without climbing over the obstacle rocks and scaling precipices of difficulty.

The result is that they are perpetual clerks, hangers-on, seekers of jobs; they sacrificed the larger, grander future for the comforts, the pleasures and the vanities, the froth of to-day.

If you want to accomplish anything of value, do not expect an easy life. An easy life is never an effective one. If you would obtain that which is worth while, you must turn a deaf ear to all sorts of pleasures, every allurement which tempts and dazes. You must say "good-bye" to many legitimate comforts and amusements which those about you indulge in and enjoy. You must have the stamina to set your face like a flint in the direction of your ambition, to turn your back on everything unnecessary to its achievement, to brush aside the temptations that stand in your way, the obstacles that bar the path to your goal.

The Panama Canal and Canadian Commerce

(Continued from Page 26)

resources will be exploited, new cities and towns will be started, immigration will pour in, capital will seek investment, and soon they will experience a progress and a buying and selling capacity, which characterize British Columbia. If they can buy and sell to this extent without the Panama Canal, they will increase these figures to one billion of dollars in a short time after the Canal is completed and they feel its quickening influence. Of this growing trade, British Columbia and Canada should get their share, and will get their share.

One other aspect should be considered in its relation to the development of Canadian commerce. It seems pretty certain that with the opening of the Panama route the United States will start in a large way with the project of the artificial canalization of the Mississippi and its 16,000 miles of already navigable waters, and a drainage basin of 1,280,000 square miles. The cutting-through of an ocean ship canal to

the Great Lakes will make seaport towns of the Canadian cities on Lakes Ontario, Erie and Superior. The Saskatchewan and the Red River can be emulated for a thousand miles; and a short hand from Winnipeg will open the whole Saskatchewan valley from near the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, down-stream, but for this short portage, all the way to the Gulf of Mexico and thence to Panama and the Pacific ports. Every transcontinental freight rate in Canada and the United States will be reduced, and perhaps some in the middle interior. As this great southern movement starts up, the industries of the northern states will receive a new impetus. The Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea will spring into a new life, together with the West Indies and Central America, and the vast and fertile interior drained by the Orinoco and the Amazon.

Truly, then, the outlook for the development of the Dominion and the expansion of Canadian commerce is inspiring.

With the increase of our population consequent on the rush of immigration, with the settlement of our great areas of fertile land, with the increased yield of grain which will follow, with the doubling of our 25,000 miles of railway, with the hundreds of new towns which will follow the settlement movement and with the establishment of industries to meet the needs of the country—with all of these there must necessarily be an enormous expansion of Western commerce, to which the Panama Canal will be a potent aid in facilitating connections with the great markets of the world.

BUT CANADA MUST CO-OPERATE.

On the whole, a glowing picture of the possibilities has been painted—too glowing, perhaps. But the realization is doubtful unless Canada and the West coast cities do their part. Facilities must be provided—harbors, docks, elevators, railways and ships. The American cities have acted promptly—Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, San Francisco, San Diego and Los Angeles are spending millions in improvements. Canada has yet to act. E. J. M. Nash, an expert on matters pertaining to the merchant marine of the world, and the special representative for the United States and Canada of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, expressed this view recently: "Two ports on the Pacific coast will attain great importance within the next ten years and the choice lies, as far as I can see, between San Francisco, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and Vancouver, and Vancouver will be one of these with the others fighting for second place. The thing that makes most for a good port is to be a well-balanced port, and by this the shipping man means a port at which a steamer can take on a full return cargo as well as bring to it a full inward cargo. There is no doubt that Vancouver will be that sort of a port, just like New York is the best-balanced port on the Atlantic side. Through Vancouver, with the timely assistance of railways, must come the products of Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia, and these provinces will furnish full cargoes to the vessels bringing here inward loads. This, of course, will mean the most powerful incentive to steamship lines, for it will assure them a steady, well-balanced trade both ways."

This is encouraging but it is conditional on the facilities being provided. The railways will apparently do their part. At least four lines will provide an outlet to the west in British Columbia and there will be others as traffic develops. There is no reason why the canal route should bring dire results to the east and west transcontinental roads. The opening of the new waterway is in the line of world progress, and in the end all railroads, east and west as well as north and south, will be benefited by the opening of this shorter route by water between the two coasts. It will bring the people of districts three thousand miles apart into cheaper communication, will mean an increase in population on the Pacific coast, and will be followed by increases in the general business of these railroads. What tonnage may be lost in heavy, slow, transcontinental traffic by the railroads ought to be gained in the increased local and expedited through traffic which will result from an increased population. But the railways are nevertheless somewhat alarmed. George W. Sheldon, president of the National Business League of America, sees great danger to the earnings of American and Canadian transcontinental railroads through the opening of the Canal. European traffic to and from the Pacific and most places west of the Rockies is almost certain to go through the canal, according to Mr. Sheldon, who asserts that as a result of enquiry much quiet preparation has been made by ship owners in London to capture this traffic, but it is difficult to locate concretely what is being done. "Our railroads and the Interstate Commerce Commission had better get busy or else they will see a huge chunk of their traffic disappear with the opening of the canal," says Mr. Sheldon. "The Canadian lines will probably suffer most, as they have not the amount of local traffic from which to derive dividends, as the American transcontinental lines."

But even though the railways do provide the accommodation for rushing Western Canadian products to the Pacific seaboard, the Western terminals must be properly equipped with harbors, docks, grain elevators and defense works before Canada can compete successfully with American seaport cities which are expending mil-

lions. Unless Canada is alert to the necessities in this regard we may see Canadian-grown wheat, which is bound to flow across the Rockies, seek an outlet via Seattle. This point should be emphasized in this connection, however—and emphasized strongly lest a panic ensue. As far as Canada is concerned construction work on the Pacific coast should be undertaken only after the most careful study of world traffic conditions in their relation to Canadian commerce. Expert advice should be called in to ascertain actual requirements. M. Claude Cauvin-Petier, after a mission of inspection to America, sent an official report to France stating that the sums being spent for docks, piers, and harbor improvements in New York, Boston, New Orleans, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle and other ports, consequent on the construction of the Panama Canal, are out of all proportion to the trade that can result. To justify them, the Canal would have to have a traffic for which the straits of Gibraltar would be too narrow. He speaks of "feverish activity" and predicts "heavy financial crash" later. But he also foresees "rest economic changes," and warns his countrymen that it is a critical time for French trade.

Under these circumstances Canada, while maintaining its strategic position by reasonable development of natural facil-

ties, may well proceed cautiously. While the realization for some years may not meet the expectations which have been entertained there can be no doubt but that with the opening of the Canal, probably in 1913, Canadian commerce will at once feel the stimulus of the new era. A great deal will depend, of course, on the success of the Canal from the outset. Professor Emery R. Johnson, the special commissioner named by President Taft to investigate the establishment of tolls, is of the opinion that the Canal should support itself without burdening traffic with unnecessarily high tolls, holding that the tolls should be adjustable to meet fluctuating traffic. In his estimation the volume of business will rise from 10,000,000 tons in the first year of the operation of the Canal to 17,000,000 tons by the end of a decade. The most serious problem from the standpoint of the United States is the lack of a merchant marine. Of what use is the Canal without American ships to sail through it? the American press is asking. While there is certainly a shortage of vessels at present the supply will increase with the demand of traffic and the growth of commerce. In any event Canada, which is not involved in financing the Canal and which stands to profit heavily by its operation, may thus far view the situation which will be created by the changes in the great lines of world traffic—with satisfaction and confidence.

Two Meetings

We met when dreams of childhood yet
About her seemed to cling.
I filled her eager hands with pure
White lilles of the spring,
And all around us, as we went,
We heard the magpies sing.

Again we met; the midnight strost
Roared by with ceaseless clang,
And loid above the pavement's din
Her hard, high laughter rang—
There were no lilles in that place
Nor any birds that sang.

—Helen Power.

Review of Reviews

BEING A SYNOPSIS OF THE LEADING ARTICLES APPEARING
IN THE BEST CURRENT MAGAZINES OF THE WORLD

British and American Systems of Government

THAT the American system of Government is failing down before the British parliamentary system is the startling admission of S. S. McClure in the leading political article in *McClure's Magazine* for May. The admission is both clear and definite. The fact is, as Mr. McClure concedes, that the civilized nations of the world by an almost unanimous vote are discarding the system of "checks and balances" which constitutes the American form of government and are establishing instead the English plan which is a system designed to register simply and accurately the will of the majority of the people. The article reads in part as follows:

The proposal viewed with greatest agitation by the ultra-conservatives in this campaign was one advanced by Theodore Roosevelt in an address before the constitutional convention of Ohio at Columbus, and since widely discussed as the recall of decisions. Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion was this; when a law is passed by the state legislature, and signed by the governor, and the courts decide that the constitution of the state forbids the passage of such a law, then the people of the state shall be given a chance to vote whether or not they wish this law to stand. The plan was proposed specifically for states; inferentially it may be considered a possibility for the federal government also.

The proposal, stated in a more general way, is this: American courts are now the judges of what laws American legislatures may or may not pass under our written constitutions. The people of a state should be allowed to approve or disapprove of the decisions of their courts, when these veto the acts of their legislature.

To European observers this is a most extraordinary campaign issue, to stir into turmoil the chief republics of the world at the opening of the twentieth century. For, in the first place, the courts of the great nations of Europe have no such powers as these to take away, and in the second for decades—in one case for centuries—the proposal to give such powers to them would be considered highly reactionary and undemocratic.

In England, this matter was settled as a campaign issue now something more than two hundred years ago—in the great political campaign which set the Stuarts off the throne of England.

"If we go back," says Professor J. Allen Smith, of the University of Washington, in his "Spirit of American Government," "to the period preceding the revolution of 1688, it seems to be clearly established that the English courts claimed and in a few instances exercised the power to annul acts of parliament. But with the revolution of 1688, which established the supremacy of parliament, the last trace of the judicial negative disappeared. From that time on the right of parliament to be constitutional judges of its own powers has not been seriously questioned."

This principle of the English parliamentary government was thoroughly understood when our convention framed our (U.S.) federal constitution. But the power of the legislature to judge what acts it could pass was deliberately withdrawn from it and given to the courts. This was done for the simple and avowed purpose of controlling and making more difficult the expression of opinion of the popular majority. The change was chief feature

of the famous system of "checks and balances," the division of government into three independent parts, to prevent hasty action through the "passions" of the people.

The great new problems which this century brought were economic—drawn between the property-holding and non-property-holding classes, and the new laws of primary importance which came from the legislature to the courts for their interpretation, dealt principally with the chief new struggle for readjustment in the new century between property and individual rights.

The non-property-holding class is naturally in a majority in modern society; and everywhere established privileges have been used to hold the balance of power against it. In Europe the right of voting franchise and of representation is greatly more restricted than in America. But in spite of that, in no great modern country of the world, under the simple form of division of the parliamentary form of government, has the attitude of the new economic legislation been so conservative and ungenerous to the great majority of the population in the country's economic life as here (U.S.).

Safety legislation for the protection of workmen against accident, state insurance, employers' liability for death and injury, pensions for old age, all this type of legislation advances faster in Europe than in America. And it is nobody's secret where

the chief check and delay in this most important of all modern legislation has come in the United States. It has come in the courts—and particularly in their interpretation of the provisions in the state and national constitutions of the rights of property against the rights of the individual.

The fact is that the civilized nations of the world by an almost unanimous vote are discarding the system of "checks and balances" which constitutes the American form of government. They are establishing instead the English plan, a system designed to register simply and accurately the will of the majority of the people. And in doing this they are in many ways leaving the United States behind in the advance of democracy.

France, who under the same impulse as ourselves, adopted our mechanical division of government into three independent branches, dropped it early in the nineteenth century for the English form. Germany took up the parliamentary system, and Spain and Italy and the great English colonies. And in recent years new nations, thoroughly studying governmental forms for their adoption, have almost invariably pronounced against ours and for the English. The new federation of South Africa did this; Japan did the same; and now Argentina is discarding our governmental form and taking up the parliamentary form of England.

Assortive Mating in Men

Dr. J. A. Harris, of the Carnegie Institute of Washington, has undertaken to champion assortive mating in men. Writing in the *Popular Science Monthly* he declares, "we are now in the period of reaction when men disparage selection, or dismiss it entirely as an evolutionary factor." Against this unreasonable extreme his articles are directed. To use his own words, "They are simple reviews, pretending merely to set forth honestly the results secured by biometricalists in their studies of these exceedingly difficult biological problems. Their purpose is, I admit, in

reality, two-fold. Not only are they a direct plea for a more open-minded—a stringently critical rather than a dogmatic—attitude towards the Darwinian factors, but an indirect appeal for a wider recognition of the biometrical methods which make possible the measurement of the intensity of the primary factors of organic evolution."

The strongest arguments regarding assortive mating, states the writer, are those of quantitatively expressed facts. The best way of overcoming the prejudices and other obstacles against which the biometrical work is to allow these facts to speak

for themselves, if possible, in terms comprehensible to the layman.

"It is needless to say that a subject so fascinating to man as anything pertaining to human mating has been the subject of wide speculation and assertion since the time of da Vinci.

"Schopenbauer states that every person requires from the individual of the opposite sex a one-sidedness which is the opposite of his or her own. The most manly man will seek the most womanly woman, and conversely. Weak or little men have a decided inclination for strong or big women, and strong or big women for weak or little men. Blondes prefer dark persons or brunettes; snub-nosed, hook-nosed; persons with excessively thin long bodies and limbs, those who are stumpy and short, and so on! Analogous superstitions are widespread, though differing in form. Westermarck, in summarizing the views of various writers, adds, "If contrasts instinctively seek each other, this may partly account for the readiness with which love awakens love."

Some have even ventured the opinion that where the husband and wife are unlike, the offspring are more numerous, or stronger! Again there is the popular superstition that after a long life together husband and wife come to resemble each other physically.

Of course conclusions the opposite of all of these are not wanting.

Such is the state of knowledge to which the unaided observation of a complex phenomenon can lead us—a snarl of contradictions. As far as we know, the only method of disentangling it and arriving at some certainty is the analysis of large bodies of observations by means of refined statistical methods.

Among the numerous illustrations which Dr. Harris gives, probably assortative mating for deafness is more nearly perfect than that for any other known character. The reasons for this are patent. Hearing individuals rarely choose non-hearing mates. When both partners are deaf, on the other hand, they are united by strong bond of fellowship and sympathy growing out of their similar condition, they communicate with each other with perfect ease and freedom, and the social interests and sympathies outside their own home are the same.

The following table shows that in the marriages of the deaf, 72.5 per cent. have both of the contracting parties deaf as contrasted with 20 per cent. in which one is deaf and the other a hearing person. When we consider that in the general population of the United States there are roundly 1,500 hearing persons to one deaf, and consequently about 1,500 hearing persons to one deaf from whom a given deaf individual might seek to select a life partner, we see to what enormous extent sexual selection is at work for this character.

Marriages of the Deaf.	No.	Percentage
Both partners deaf	3,235	72.5
One partner deaf; the other hearing	864	19.0
One partner deaf; the other unreported whether deaf or hearing	335	7.5
Total	4,434	100.00

Alexander Graham Bell, who has studied the question, has laid great emphasis upon the influence of educational segregation, especially upon the use of a sign language, with its subjective influence on thought, in bringing about the intermarriage of the deaf. That this is a factor appears from Fay's elaborate records. He classified 7,277 deaf individuals according to the method of education and found that of those who attended boarding schools for the deaf, 86.2 per cent. married deaf mates, while of those who attended day schools, or both day and boarding schools, for the deaf 77.8 per cent. married deaf consorts. In contrast are the records of those who attended no school for the deaf: in this class, 62.4 per cent. married deaf individuals. The difference between 62.4 per cent. and 86.2 per cent. probably indicates roughly the influence of scholastic segregation.

Fay also finds that of the pupils who attended exclusively oral schools, 78.2 per cent. married deaf partners, while of those who were educated at schools not exclusively oral, or partly at schools exclusively oral and partly at schools not exclusively oral, somewhat over 86 per cent. of marriages were homogeneous for deafness. Perhaps these figures indicate a sensible influence of the method of instruction. Nevertheless, one cannot but be impressed with the intensity of the assortative mating that occurs independent of this factor. With no such isolation 62 per cent. of deaf

individuals marry those who are deaf. Considering the intensity of the inheritance of deafness, we see what grave social results may be expected from this tendency.

Apparently unions where both members are deaf are more happy than those where

only one is so afflicted. This table gives the best available records indicating the "success" or "failure" of like and unlike matings. Of course divorce, separation or number of children do not tell the whole tale; they give rather a lower limit to the measure of domestic infelicity.

Marriages of the Deaf.	No. of marriages	Differences	Separations	Divorce and Separations
	No.	No.	No.	No.
Both partners deaf	3,235	1,005	175	200
One partner deaf, the other hearing	864	525	276	300
One partner deaf, the other unreported	335	7	2,000	2,006
Total	4,434	1,456	2,451	2,206

Big Strikes are Predicted

In the May *American Magazine*, Ray Stannard Baker presents a report and interpretation of the Lawrence strike. "No strike," says Mr. Baker, "that has ever taken place in America is fraught with a deeper significance than this." He goes on:

"The strike at Lawrence, as I shall show more fully later, was far more than revolt; it was an incipient revolution. It was revolutionary because it involved a demand for fundamental changes in the basic organization of industry. Thinly veiled behind its demand for higher wages, lay the outspoken declaration of the leaders for the abolition of the entire wage-system, and the suppression of the private ownership of capital. In so many words the organization declared its position:

"Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watch-word, "Abolition of the wage system!"'

"In short, this was a Socialist strike as contrasted with the familiar craft or trade-union strike of the past.

"Now, the same revolutionary organization, the Industrial Workers of the World, which conducted the strike at Lawrence with so much skill, is at this moment organizing rapidly in other parts of the country. Its victory here will give it a new prestige, and new enthusiasm.

"Already it is threatening to move upon two of our greatest industries—the meat-packing establishments of Chicago, and

the steel mills of the Pittsburg district. In both of these localities, among the same sort of low-paid foreign working people as those of Lawrence, it already has well-rooted branches of its organization and only awaits a convenient occasion to open war. In this strike at Lawrence we have a concrete example of the revolutionary strike already familiar in France and in other European countries.

"The great coal strike which is at this moment paralysing not only the industries but the very life of the British Isles partakes more or less of this revolutionary character; and what Britain and France are meeting to-day America will have to meet to-morrow.

"The basic idea upon which the Industrial Workers of the World are organized is a very big one. They seek to bring together not merely the workers in any one craft, but all the workers in all industries. It is not the Brotherhood of Engineers, or the Brotherhood of Printers, or of Wool-Sorters that they preach, but the Brotherhood of all Workers. They advocate not the horizontal stratification of labor along lines of craft and skill, but the perpendicular stratification along lines of industry. They say that the veriest bobbin boy is as essential a cog in the machinery of production as the highest skilled wool-sorter. They say that the old craft organizations tend to become exclusive and monopolistic; that they keep out apprentices, limit output, make agreements with employers which benefit only

themselves, and even combine with employers to maul the public. They say that all workers should unite just as all capital is uniting, and that so long as the workers do not stand together they will be defeated. Right or wrong, this is their platform.

Industrial unionism as contrasted with craft unionism has long been seeking a foothold in this country. Eighteen years ago I spent several months studying and writing about the American Railway Union strike at Chicago in which Eugene V. Debs endeavored to bring all railroad workers together in one great union. It was a bloody conflict, and it failed, and Debs was sent to jail. Eight years ago I investigated the desperate mining strikes in Cripple Creek and elsewhere in Colorado, conducted by the Western Federation of Miners. One of the chief leaders of this union, which was essentially an industrial union, was the same "Big Bill" Haywood who led the Lawrence strikers. And that strike also failed and its leaders were sent to jail; but out of it grew the present Industrial Workers of the World—with their Socialistic ideal of labor solidarity and their preaching of discontent.

In the world of organized labor no other problem has loomed so big in this conflict between these two fundamentally different ideals. On one side stand the old leaders, Gompers, Mitchell, Golden and others; and on the other the Socialists, Haywood, St. John, De Leon and others. At the strike in Lawrence a bitter fight developed between the two rival labor organizations. At the very time when the strike was at its neatest point, the craft unions endeavored to call it off and to force workers back into the mills by refusing them further relief! They hoped thus to crush the Industrial Workers of the World.

Wonderful Possibilities of the Storage Battery

The development of the storage battery during the past three years has been so wonderful and so rapid that within the next ten years it will have started a revolution in the electrical industry, says Norman Maul, in *Popular Electricity*. No less an authority than Thomas A. Edison is responsible for the statement that within

Finally, one comes away from Lawrence feeling deeply and profoundly that this problem is no mere hard economic question, involving only the better distribution of the products of industry as now conducted. It is far deeper, more spiritual than that. If one were to divide all the surplus of profit in the textile mills to-day—figure it out for yourself!—among all the swarming operatives, it would increase their wages and improve their living conditions almost immeasurably. It is said that the strike in Lawrence is settled. It was called a great victory for the strikers. But has anything really been settled? The head of a family who was getting \$6 or \$7 a week before the strike, and as a result of the victory received 10 per cent. increase in wages, is still below the bread-line, is still far below civilized standards. He and his family can live 60 or 70 cents a week better—but consider if you will, how very little 60 or 70 cents a week really means in bread, in rent, in clothing, in fuel, for a family of children.

After all, is not the conclusion forced upon us that the changes have got to be different and deeper? At present, industry is conducted upon a basis of open war. Any change in conditions means a revolt. Industrially, in the United States we have arrived at just about the same stage that the Central American republics have arrived at politically—a government by successive revolutions. On the part of the employers there are vast wastages in fighting one another and in fighting the workers, to say nothing of the loss of money spent in harmful luxury; and the employers waste ruthlessly by the same struggles and by "soldiering," not giving an honest day's work.

that period, steam engines in railroad yard limits, railroad power plants, and railroad locomotives using third rails and overhead trolleys will have ended their spheres of usefulness. In fact, all great consumers of current will have become customers of the central station.

The storage battery, he said, is reaching

the point where it is capable of taking an enormous charge in a relatively short time. With such a battery every current consumer will come on the central station day load, taking his current at a time when he can get it at a very low rate, and storing it in these high power batteries against the time when the central station load will begin to climb toward the peak.

When that time is reached the day of the high peak and deep valley of the central station load will have ended. In two years, Mr. Edison predicts, that industrial revolution will have begun.

It is not a new storage battery that will work this revolution—either is it the discovery and the development of the possibilities of the standard Edison battery.

The principal difference between the high power rapid charging battery and the original Edison battery is in the number and thickness of the plates. It has been found that by using more plates and thinner, the battery could be made to take the charge more rapidly and with less danger from heating. The battery cells are of the same size as the standard battery cells, but fewer of them are required to do a given amount of work.

It is the shifting of freight and passenger cars in railroad yards that Mr. Edison predicts will open the greatest field for the high power battery. The day the battery begins its service will mark the passing of the smoke nuisance, the third rail, the overhead trolley, and the railroad generating station in cities.

Mr. Edison's plan is to use the powerful motor engines, now in service, but instead of transmitting current to them through some feeder, to use a storage battery car to supply the energy. Such a car would naturally take the name "Battery Car" and would bear the same relation to the electric engine that the coal tender now bears to the steam engine.

The locomotive, with a freshly charged battery car attached, would haul the train to the yard limits, or to some other specified transfer point, where the change to steam power would be made. The steam engine would then take the train on; the battery car would be uncoupled and connected to charging station wires to be recharged, and the motor engine, after pick-

ing up a fresh battery car, would be ready for its return trip.

The storage battery has been developed to the point where it is easily capable of doing this work, but before being offered for general use it will have to go through the severest tests at the inventor's laboratory. Such a battery has been constructed and is meeting every test put to it. The first battery car, discharging at the rate of 1,500 horse-power, can be fully charged in three-quarters of an hour, and is capable of pulling 1,200-ton freight train ten miles at the rate of 20 miles an hour. At the end of such a run the battery car would lay up long enough to be recharged.

Charging connections would of necessity have to be maintained at various points in the yard, just as coal pockets are now conveniently located. The difference would be that the charging connections would be scattered, whereas the coal pockets are all at one spot, causing a great congestion of engines awaiting their coal supply.

The demand of these charging points for current would, of course, be great, but not so great as to warrant any railroad maintaining a generating station for their supply alone. Obviously the road would come to the central station for its current and all these charging stations would come on the central station load. For the sake of having the demand come in the daylight hours the central station would offer a rate far below that for which any railroad plant could generate.

With such a load coming during the daylight hours there would be practically no peak, or rather instead of a peak and a valley the chart would show a wide plateau. The battery cars would take current every hour of the day, except on the few days of the year when the peak reaches its highest point between 4:30 and 6 p.m. On those days the railroad would "lay off" the load, taking enough current before the hours to carry it over.

From late at night until the morning suburban passenger rush began, the battery cars would be used chiefly in shifting freight; after a few hours on the passenger trains they would go back on freights until the evening rush began, and when that was over they would resume their freight operations.

A battery embodying all the principles of the big railroad battery is in actual service now, on a delivery wagon in Orange. The cells could easily be put in a suit case. The wagon used saw the best days of its service behind a horse. The battery is of the rapid charge type, and at the end of each delivery trip is connected to the charging board for a few minutes, and enough current taken to replace all that had been consumed. A trolley line in Washington is operated in the same manner. At the end of each half trip the battery is connected to a charging board, and in four minutes is completely replenished. At the end of the day, when the car goes

back to the barn, its batteries are fully charged and ready for the next day's service.

"It is not a new battery," said Mr. Edison recently. "It is the same old battery. We simply discovered its greater possibilities and are working all the time to develop whatever improvements we may. With thinner plates in greater number, the battery will take an enormous charge in a very short time. With this development perfected, the day of the seven or eight hour connection with a charging board will have passed, and then will begin a new era in the use of the electric vehicle for both business and pleasure."

Cost of Travel in Europe and America

That the cost of travel in America despite numerous claims to the contrary, is on the whole reasonable, appears to be established by Charles Frederick Carter, who gives some interesting facts on the question in *The American Review of Reviews*. Some of the comparisons which he makes will serve to illustrate the drift of his article:

The distances between Chicago and Denver is 1,061 miles; between Paris and Naples 1,093 miles. Yet the former journey can be made in 28 hours at an average speed of 38 miles an hour, while the latter consumes 40 hours, the average speed being but 26.6 miles an hour. The difference in fare is also startling. The one-way fare between Chicago and Denver is \$22.60; the sleeping car fare \$6, making a total of \$28.60, or 2.7 cents a mile. From Paris to Naples the fare is \$32.40; the sleeping car fare \$14.37, or nearly two and a half times the Pullman rate for the same distance, making a total of \$46.77, or \$16.17 more than for the same distance in America. The rate per mile is 4.4 cents. Second-class fare between Paris and Naples is \$21.85, or 2.05 cents a mile.

Express trains make the run from Paris to Lascare, 396 miles, in 12 hours. The first-class fare is \$14.10; second-class fare \$9.60, while 150 pounds of baggage, which goes free in the United States, would cost

\$1.80 more. The distance between Chicago and Minneapolis is 422 miles, which is covered in 12 hours and 45 minutes. The fare is \$8 and a parlor car seat is \$1, making the total cost \$15.10 less than the first-class fare for a shorter distance in Europe. Few Americans would think of making so long a journey in a day coach, though it could be done far more comfortably than in a second-class compartment in Europe. By this method of traveling the American journey would cost \$1.20 less than the second-class fare for a shorter ride in Europe. If one had haggled the difference in favor of the American trip would be still greater.

Express trains between London and Glasgow make the run of 401 miles in 8 hours and 15 minutes, which gives an average speed of 48.5 miles an hour. This is 15 miles an hour faster than the Chicago-Minneapolis train, but the fare is much higher, being \$14.50 first-class as compared with \$9, including parlor car fare for a greater distance in America. Even third-class fare between London and Glasgow is 25 cents more than first-class railroad fare between Chicago and Minneapolis. The Empire State Express makes the run of 439 miles between New York and Buffalo in 8 hours, 45 minutes — half an hour more than the time re-

quired by the English train for a trip 28 miles shorter. This is an average of 4.37 miles an hour faster than the English trains, yet the fare including a parlor car seat on this limited train is only \$11.25, or \$3.25 less than first-class fare on the English train.

One may make the journey of 238 miles

from Frankfort to Leipzig in the brief space of nine hours at a charge of \$8.28 first class, or \$8.16 second class. The distance of 225 miles between New York and Washington is covered in 5 hours for \$5.65 railroad fare and \$1.25 for a parlor car seat—a total of \$6.90. At the German rate the trip would cost 90 cents more.

Murder by Advertisement

Of all quick schemes for making money, that of fooling the public in the matter of health is the most reprehensible. Some men make a business of fleecing sick folks by advertising worthless and "fake cures." An article in *Pearson's Magazine* by J. J. McCarthy, M.D., explains some of the medical frauds and methods by which thousands of people are robbed of money and health. Especially severe, is the author upon the newspapers of the day, which "bristle with fake medicine advertisements as with poisoned arrows."

Speaking of one case, where the advertisement ran, "I can cure diabetes," the article says: "Printed in big, bold type that line is read and is meant to be read every day in new-paper advertisements by thousands of people who are suffering from the derangement of nutrition called diabetes. They know their disease is incurable and they also know they may live many years by not eating sweet or starchy food. But the fact that it is incurable will get them in the end has started a panic in their hearts, and they are upon the advertisement eager to believe what they know to be a lie. With consummate villainy beneath all contempt the advertisement is written to feed that ready credibility. It is filled with assurances sweet to the victim's ear, and testimonials he is only too glad to believe, and it makes a point of stating that it does not contain sweet or starchy matter."

"Assured in the one particular upon which his physician has laid stress, the victim says to himself, 'Well, it can't hurt me, anyhow.' There the murderer lies. It is little else but sweet and starch. He takes it. The craving in his blood is sat-

isfied. He even feels better for a while. Perhaps he writes a testimonial vaunting the remedy. Then he dies."

"Now, that is murder, cold-blooded, premeditated murder. The man who furnishes the concoction is a murderer, and the newspapers and magazines which publish the advertisement are accessories to the crime."

The writer continues in the same article to indict the American Government with being a partner in this great wrong, of which newspapers will not complain because of the revenues accruing therefrom. "The business in fraudulent 'cures' amounts to \$100,000,000 a year, and you can depend upon it that those hundred millions of dollars are on the job at Washington. There is not the faintest shadow of an excuse for Congress not taking action. It is only a question of how long a hundred millions can hold out against public opinion."

"The crooks who operate these get-rich-quick medical concerns think so much faster than the law-makers who are lagging on their trail that they will probably never be dealt with effectively until Congress is finally compelled to pass the law creating the National Bureau of Health. The publicity that will be given by that body, and the active measures it will be able to take will finally result in driving the medical fakers out of business. And yet there are a great many misguided people who are opposed to the National Bureau of Health."

After instancing the lying advertisements about cancer cure, rheumatism cure, nerve cure, weak women cures, Dr. McCarthy says: "These frauds often

constitute murder. The faker has no particular victim in view, but he is as much a murderer as the assassin who shoots into a crowd. What gives him the courage to continue in his crimes is the fact that there is practically no penalty attached. A prison sentence is a rarity, and the fines are trifling compared with the money to be made. A \$20 fine is big. In the case of a headache powder, which contained so much heart-depressant that it was

bound to cause death in a certain percentage of cases, the manufacturer was let off on the payment of \$2. A cancer faker, who had to pay \$25, must have felt abused. But, even at that, one cannot help wondering why Johnson, of Kansas City, took the trouble to fight his case in the courts. All he needed to do was to make a slight alteration in the name of his cancer concoction and go on advertising.

The Founder of the Chautauquas

Bishop John Heyl Vincent couldn't go to college, and as a consequence nearly three-quarters of a million people all over the world have had an opportunity for self education through Chautauqua reading courses and lectures. On February 23, 1912, representatives of this army showed that they remembered the "father of the Chautauqua idea." It was the Bishop's eightieth birthday, and from the far and near corners of the world, from Keokuk to Calcutta, there came a flood of letters to Bishop Vincent's home in Chicago, homing from people of all races.

The story of the career of the founder of "chautauquas" is told by Henry O. Yen, in *The World's Work*. "Sixty-two years ago, in 1850, Circuit Rider Vincent, carrying his message from cabin to cabin in the Pennsylvania hill country, was forced to face the fact that a university course was not for him.

In 1854 the circuit rider, now in charge of the Sunday School work of the Methodist church, caused the first Chautauqua Assembly to be held at Chautauqua Lake, N.Y. Primarily, his idea was to stimulate and broaden the work of Sunday School teachers of the Methodist Church. But in the eagerness with which it was received Bishop Vincent saw the opportunity for its broader mission of popular education.

He understood young folks, because he always has been young at heart himself. He knew the yearning of the young for knowledge, and their bitter disappointment when circumstances kept them from acquiring it. He had educated himself, by

the light of a cabin fire-place, as Lincoln had; now he began to educate others.

The growth of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has been one of the remarkable educational movements of this country. From the beginning in 1874 at Chautauqua the movement has spread to most countries of the world. Close to 750,000 names now are on the rolls of the Chautauqua courses. They embrace all the races of mankind and most of the nationalities. Fifty thousand visitors come to the original home of the movement, Chautauqua, N.Y., every summer; and there are few towns in this country in which Chautauqua assemblies are not an influence in assembly time.

Bishop Vincent has worked longer than most men live. He was born in Tuscaloosa, Ala., in 1832. He grew up in Pennsylvania. He became a minister in the Jersey District of the Methodist Church in 1850, when he was only 18. His talents made the Sunday School his natural field of work, and Sunday Schools as they exist to-day are largely due to his efforts. He was the pioneer in this work. He established the Sunday School "Quarterly," and he was one of the originators and promoters of the system of International Sunday School Lessons, that have carried their message to the young of all peoples. He worked for sixteen years to complete his scheme of Sunday School labor. These years won him international fame before he was 35.

He became Bishop Vincent of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1888, and serv-

ed as bishop in Buffalo and Topeka. In 1900 he was placed in charge of the European missionary work of the church, with headquarters at Zurich, Switzerland. He remained there for four years. His work in the mission field has taken him on seven journeys through Europe, two African tours, and once across the Andes. In 1904

he was retired, but he has continued serving as preacher to Harvard, Yale, Wellesley, Cornell, and other colleges. He is equally at home in the cabin of the settler and in the halls of a great university.

At eighty, after sixty-two years of work, Bishop Vincent lives, and enjoys living, in his home near the University of Chicago.

The Old Order Changeth: The New Optimism

Mrs Elinor Glyn, a Canadian, has contributed an extremely interesting article to *Nash's Magazine* under the title "The Old Order Changeth." In reply to those who are constantly preaching a gospel of national decadence, and deplored the restless spirit of the times as something which is leading us on to destruction, Mrs. Glyn has voiced a sound and philosophic optimism which should effectually silence the calamity howlers and quiet the fears of those who may have permitted themselves to believe we are trembling to-day upon the brink of black dissolution.

The outlook is wide and the treatment vigorous. "The Old Order Changeth, giving place to New; and it would be well to realize this everlasting fact before we decide that the world is waxing evil, and the times are waxing late. And who can say that out of the seething of the present some noble and glorious ideals of life for men and women may not spring?"

"Surely it is unwise to read in the writing upon the wall, as so many do, only a pessimistic presage of inevitable death. If there is writing for students of evolution to read, then it should be taken as a warning indication which direction to avoid and which to take. Unrest is a sign, not of decay, but of life. Stagnation alone gives warning of death.

"And there are a number of facts to be faced before we can give an opinion either way.

"The first of these is, that all civilized nations are endeavoring to stamp out ignorance and disease, and that an enormous advance in this direction can be observed in the last fifty years. And, taking a general view of the civilized peoples, a far

greater number of their units now lead less dreadful and degraded lives.

"And surely these indications of mankind's advancement are as plain as are some other signs of decline.

"The stirring up of the masses by insufficient education is bound to produce unrest, and until the different elements have asserted themselves into their new places in the scheme of things, how can there be tranquillity? All is out of balance, and has disturbed the machinery of the country's life, for the time being. But if the aim has been for enlightenment, the eventual outcome must be good.

"All seem in a boiling pot rising to the top, and makes itself seen, concealing the pure liquid beneath, until it is skimmed off. And so we have political demagogues shouting the untenable fallacy that all men are equal, together with other flamboyant nonsense; and hooligan suffragists smashing windows. But all these are only the scum upon the outside of a great upward movement in mankind, and are not to be taken as the incontrovertible proof of the vicious condition of the whole mass.

"The spirit that is abroad, though one of great unrest, is not one of decadence, but of progress. But it would be folly not to admit that there are aspects of it which presage disaster unless directed, just as the pot will boil over if not watched."

In an interesting way the writer proceeds to scrutinize, with unemotional common sense, some of the causes of the present state of things and to analyze the new conditions produced by what she terms "new thought."

"The modern spirit is full of what Edmund Holmes calls the desire to ask the

teacher or person in authority for his credentials. And if these are not entirely satisfactory, the influence he can hope to wield will be nil.

"To deplore anything that may happen to a country, or to ourselves, is waste of time. We should search for the reason of it, and if it proves to be because there is some ineradicable cause, intelligence should then be used to better the condition which results. Worship of something glorious and beyond ourselves will always swell the human heart, and if the accepted forms of the religion of a country can no longer produce this emotion, it is not because the human heart is changing, but because there is something in those forms which no longer fulfills its mission.

"The first principle of that great and wonderful wave of "New Thought" which is sweeping over America, and is beginning to find some understanding in this country, is that the responsibility of each individual's well-being rests with himself, and that his environment is the result of what his consciousness has been able to attract to himself.

"And, as no one limits us but ourselves, so soon as a man's consciousness begins strongly to create in his own mind new and better conditions, he will inevitably draw them to himself in fact. From God there can emanate nothing but Good. It is the individual's own action which brings his punishment or reward. If this fundamental principle could be investigated by responsible scientists, unhampered by theological influences, and with no prejudice as to the idea's being regarded as a mere cult, its exactness could perhaps be mathematically proved beyond a cavilling doubt. Possibly then the doctrine might be allowed to be taught in the public schools, to the everlasting benefit of the growing race.

"To say the least of it, it would inculcate an immense self-respect.

"There should not be, and I believe there is not, any law which can prevent the lowest in the land from rising to the highest place—if he is fitted for it. It is the ceaseless cry of the unfit, unfit for some situation above his capabilities, which is a distressing feature of modern life. But, even in this, the spirit shown in the desire to rise is good; while if he had the will to fit himself for what he aspires to, it would

be splendid and great. And these are the men and women who succeed, no matter what avocations they may be engaged in. The others, the shasters, only hamper the wheels of progress and fall eventually as the dust in the rut.

"Parts of the crude spirit of the Great Unrest of to-day manifests itself by the efforts of those beneath to demonstrate in words that they are the equals of those above them. And, pitiful and ridiculous as this is, the spirit arises in good. It is because these underneath desire to be the equals of those above them, that they use the only means their limited understandings provide them with, to try to obtain their ends. You never hear of numbers of people shouting that they are the equals of the tramp in the street!

"So it shows that even in this, the Great Unrest is an uplifting force. And when reason and education have directed its current, surely we may hope that we shall arise again as a nation, like a giant refreshed with wine."

The conclusion of the article is striking. "The main attribute of any religion, of any ethical teaching, of any principle—to be of use to English men and women at the present stage of their development—must be incontestable common sense. Ridiculous sentimentalism should be ruthlessly crushed, and investigation of the meaning of Nature should be strenuously encouraged. And with clear eyes we should try to see the truth. Let those born fighters who like fighting for fighting's sake, and who now wage war against windmills, being armed with prejudice and false conceptions of man's place in relation to God, turn their beligerent powers to the demolition of the double-headed Hydra, Hypocrisy and Despotism.

"It is the duty of every true Englishman and woman at this hour of their country's day to begin to THINK, to weigh for himself or herself the meanings of the signs of the times, to use their critical faculties to face facts honestly, unhampered by prudery, convention, or the doctrines of the Church. And then they will see for themselves that the Great Unrest is a force, the direction of which, for good or ill, lies in their own hands. And according to the way they fulfill the responsibility entailed upon them in this matter, they or their

children will reap the reward, or pay the price. The Great Unrest in its soothsaying is still molten metal, which can be poured into what mould we will.

"To call this great Unrest a sign of decadence and a presage of destruction, would be as fallacious as to say that electricity is an entirely mischievous force. Both are mischievous when undirected, and both are glorious when used for good.

"The test of the expansion of man's soul is the extent of its outlook. The puny spirit sees an hour or two ahead; the more advanced probably conceives plans to benefit himself and his loved ones day by day. The developed soul desires the good of his country. But the soul that is infinite and emancipated sees into eternity and demands of God the regeneration of humanity."

The Beneficial Sleeping Porch

The advantages of the modern sleeping porch are forcibly brought to the attention of the public by Theodore M. Fisher, who, writing in *Suburban Life*, sounds this note of warning:

As a nation, we are awakening to the realization that we are in some ways paying dearly for the comforts and conveniences of the sheltering roof. With the development of our industrial life and the tremendous growth of the cities, we have changed from a race of dwellers in the open to one which spends not only its sleeping hours, but also much of the daytime within doors.

In view of the fact that no substitute for fresh air has yet been found, it is inevitable that those who go from ill-ventilated stores and factories to houses whose air is usually as impure and insufficient will, even if naturally strong, become open to the attacks of pneumonia and tuberculosis.

The tremendous toll of lives yearly due to these diseases shows clearly that we are having to reckon a cost in human life for the unnatural conditions of living that have come with our boasted civilization and commercial growth. It is well to sound the call to the "simple life," and urge a return to the country. Surely, much can be accomplished in these directions, but, when all is said and done, the percentage of city population will not be greatly reduced, for the modern city has so much of worth to hold men, and so truly represents the best things of our age, as well as the worst, that it will always remain the attractive force that it is to-day.

It will be one of the big problems of the

future, then, to make our cities as healthful as possible. Aside from conditions of crushing labor, probably the biggest physical handicap to be removed is that of the inadequate ventilation which is characteristic of the vast majority of the factories, stores, and homes of our country.

Those with the means and leisure for outdoor sports and recreations can, in a measure, thus overcome the injurious effects of the poor ventilation to which they are subjected during working hours; but the fact remains that to-day, in the building of even the most comfortable homes, little or no thought is given to the vital question of providing a systematic supply of pure air.

This defect has its most serious effect in compelling the occupants to depend on open windows for the ventilation of their sleeping-apartments at night. The result is that neither in summer or winter is sufficient air provided. During warm weather, even if all the windows are open, it is practically impossible to overcome the stuffy atmosphere that is usual within doors during the summer; and in winter, the occupant not wishing to dress in a cold room, usually deludes himself into the belief that one window raised a trifle will give him plenty of fresh air.

The open-air sleeping-porch, or balcony, is the up-to-date solution of the important problem of providing the best conditions for our hours of nightly rest.

Built adjoining the bedroom, the sleeping-porch gives its occupant all the benefits of sleeping out-of-doors, and the former room for a comfortable dressing-room the

temperature of which, during winter months, need not be lowered by open windows.

Originally devised as an adjunct to the cure of tuberculosis, the sleeping-porch is fast outgrowing this limited use, for it is being recognized as of almost incalculable value in maintaining health. It is not, in any sense, a "cure-all," but a preventative. The effects of being able to breathe deeply of nature's vitalizing element in unlimited quantity, during the hours when the body is recuperating from the day's work, cannot be other than beneficial.

If the sleeping-porch is held to (and, when thoroughly tried, it usually is) its devotee cannot fail to reap the rich reward of increased vitality, calmer nerves, and consequently greater efficiency and keener enjoyment of life.

For those of low vitality and a tendency toward the "blues," which are often found together, sleeping in the open air frequently does wonders. It is readily seen that growing children are greatly benefited by the change from the indoor bedroom to the sleeping-porch.

While sleeping-porches can be provided better when the house is planned than as an after-thought, it is entirely practicable, as a rule, to add them to a completed dwelling. When the house is a one-story cottage, the corner of a large veranda may be enclosed with adjustable canvas curtains for the purpose, or a small porch, just large enough for a bed, may be constructed adjoining the bedroom. In the latter case, a window can be easily changed into a doorway.

In adding a sleeping-porch to a two-story house, frequently there is a balcony that can be adapted to the purpose, or the space over a down-stairs veranda can be used. Locking both, the sleeping-porch can be supported on brackets.

The most modern system admits many ways in which the sleeping-porch can be added to the home. With respect to the arrangement of the porch itself and the structural details, it may be well to say a few words. The points to keep in mind

are the protection of the occupant from inclement weather, his comfort, and a free circulation of air at all times. To exclude rain or snow, the roof of the sleeping-porch should not only be substantially built, but should have a wide overhang. The sides of the porch may be solidly enclosed to a height of two or three feet, with screened openings above, or left entirely open except for screening, which is always desirable. Heavy canvas curtains, set to roll from the bottom, will keep out storms and insure privacy. When the occupant has retired, these can be lowered by a simple adjustable cord and pulley device. When the porch is of the extra size of some shown in the pictures, glass sash, which may be fitted for winter use, provides a cheerful sun-parlor for the daytime. If such use is intended, an extension of the heating-system is advisable when practicable. The sun will give sufficient warmth in fair weather, but when winter storms abound, artificial heat generally proves a necessity for comfort.

Electric wiring of the sleeping-porch, if such lights are used in the house, is easily arranged, and has the further advantage of making possible the use of an electric heating-pad, to warm the bed in cold weather.

It should be remembered that everything needed to make the occupant comfortable is desirable. The bed should be thoroughly warmed before retiring, by heating-pad, hot-water bottles, or other means, whenever necessary, for the beneficial effects of sleeping out can be nullified, and even injury done, by making it in any way a test of physical endurance.

The penetration of cold through the mattress from beneath, which is a source of discomfort, can be largely prevented by laying one or more thicknesses of paper between it and the springs. As undue weight of bedding prevents restful sleep, care should be taken, in severe weather, to provide only such as is both light and warm. The head may be protected by an extra coverlet which has an opening for the face. For those who live in northern states where the winters are especially cold, a sleeping-bag will be found the best means of protection on the sleeping-porch.

Mr. Balfour at Leisure

"Mr. Balfour at Leisure," is the title of a racy sketch by Harold Spender in *The Pall Mall Gazette*. As a lover of golf the ex-premier is well known. Few, however, are aware that he is accomplished in music. "As a musician, indeed," says the article, "Mr. Balfour is not a mere amateur, but a musician among musicians. Everyone who attends concerts in London is familiar with his presence; and some of his eldest private friends—and Mr. Balfour has many friends—are among the musicians. Men like Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Villiers Stanford and Mr. Fuller Maitland—all friends of his—do not attract Mr. Balfour because of their political views. They attract him because they give him some relief from politics, and because they take him far away from that hard, sordid strife into the mystic world of melody and harmony."

Side by side with this love of music, and doubtless connected with it, is Mr. Balfour's passion for philosophy. There, again, Mr. Balfour is no amateur. He is distinguished as a philosopher among the philosophers. He could have argued with Plato, and would not have been silenced by Socrates. I wonder how many of Mr. Balfour's followers have read his essay on "Philosophic Doubt." They certainly ought to read it. Both in thought and style it is a remarkable book, well within the first rank of contributions to human speculation. Its only fault is that it is gloriously sceptical. The aim is to found faith on doubt. One closes the book perhaps feeling rather vague about the faith, but very sure about the doubt.

He is always ready to escape from all

this variety to his quiet house at Whittingham, far from the crowd, among a people that loves him. Mr. Balfour is a very good landlord. I remember once meeting a Radical canvasser who had been canvassing in Mr. Balfour's own village. "I am bound to say I was deeply impressed," he said. "I found that Mr. Balfour had left his people complete freedom. He brings no influence to bear. He lets them vote as they like." Perhaps in his own village he likes to escape. It used to be one of the vexations of the wirepullers that Mr. Balfour could always get away from them to Whittingham. Once there, he settled down to an easy scheme of family life, almost always with his sister or his brother Gerald Balfour and Lady Betty Balfour and their children staying in the house—reading, golfing, walking, talking. At those times Mr. Balfour threw aside the partisan, and seemed to open his mind to new impressions. For that is what always prevents Mr. Balfour from being a narrow man—the openness to new impressions.

Mr. Balfour has, for instance, always taken a profound interest in the new developments of science and engineering, especially motoring and flying. We all remember his flight in an aeroplane at Hendon. There you come across the scientific interest which he inherits from his uncle, and has made him the intimate friend of so many eminent men of science. It is the other side of his philosophic interest. As a philosopher he denies the premises of all science. As a scientist he accepts the premises and loves to extend the conclusions.

Co-Education Detracts from Marriage

In the first of the series of articles on "The American Girl" in the *May Woman's Home Companion*, the author, J. Niles Laurvik, makes the following comments:

"Co-education has done more than anything else to rob marriage of its attractions,

by divesting the man of most of his old-time glamour and romance. This early contact with the other sex on a footing of equality, which the majority of girl students more than maintain intellectually, has tended to produce that contempt of the much-vaunted superiority of man that is

as a rule reserved for those postnuptial discoveries which make marriage such an interesting venture. The American girl comes to realize only too soon that intellectually and culturally the man is often her inferior. She pursues her interests farther than does the man who very generally subordinates his interest in the fine arts to his one desire to succeed in business or in some particular profession.

"In this respect the influence of the higher education has exactly the opposite effect upon American girls to that of the German or Scandinavian girls. In these countries every movement directed toward giving a woman a greater share in communal life has so far contributed toward establishing the idea of the home and the family more firmly than ever. In fact, it may be said without exaggeration that all these efforts toward enlarging a woman's life have sprung from one basic idea: the right of every woman to a home and children.

"And inasmuch as the general education of the young men of those countries is on a relatively higher plane than here, the higher education of their women has only resulted in bringing the two sexes nearer together, contributing new charms and possibilities of comradeship to the family life. It has made for mutual respect and admiration founded on an intellectual and spiritual equality in which both find a fertile field of happy co-operation. The girls of those countries look forward with keen anticipation to being mistresses of their own households, and the character of the higher education on the whole is of a kind to make the young women better fitted for marriage. This is probably due to a mixture of practicality with ideality, such as

we are only now beginning to feel the need of in American colleges and universities.

"What has marriage to offer in compensation for the many things of which it deprives her, is a question that the young Miss of to-day asks herself with a growing scepticism. What opportunities of enjoyment does it hold that are not open to her before marrying? And with an increasing sophistication she confidently answers, 'None,' weighing with the greatest nicety the actual and known joys of girlhood against the problematical and restricted joys of wifehood. And not infrequently all the fuses and fenders attending her engagement is merely the paraphernalia of the most delightful make-believe ever invented, in which the girl pretends to the man that she regards him as the noblest and handsomest of human beings, while secretly in her heart she feels herself superior to him or any other mere man! At least that is the half-veiled attitude to-day in certain sections of American society, whose women members have come to adopt definitely the view that the girl has nothing to expect from marriage that she did not already possess; that, instead, she is confronted with certain definite duties, attendant upon the care of a household which, if not positively distasteful to her, are certainly not to be regarded as sources of actual pleasure. It must be admitted that she is far oftener right than wrong in arriving at this conclusion, and who will blame her for refusing to allow herself to be either cajoled or coerced into assuming a relationship that offers so few opportunities for self-development as does the average home of to-day?"

What is a Public Library?

The drastic changes which are being brought about in public libraries in America are described in *Everybody's Magazine* by Helen Lockwood Coffin, who declares that "all over the world the unexpected is happening under library roof-trees. What has become of the institution which, as everybody knows, and every dictionary tells us, is 'a collection of books'?"

In Evanston, Illinois, the public library lends pinball rolls.

The public library in Madison, Wisconsin, owns and operates a moving picture "show."

There's a pay room and gymnasium in the Leith Walk Library in Edinburgh.

The Islington Library, in an outlying district of London, is a first aid to travel-

ers, with a complete and up-to-the-minute collection of time-tables for all the railroads in Great Britain.

The library in Binghamton, New York, conducts a technical school, with classes in cooking, marketing, mechanical and electrical engineering, architecture, and drawing, and any other courses for which there may be a demand.

Fourteen clubs and organizations of all sorts hold their regular meetings in the library at Nashville, Tennessee.

A business man's information bureau is in operation in the library at Newark, New Jersey, where current business directories of practically every city in the world, city maps, geological surveys, and post and automobile routes, are accessible, even by telephone.

Belfast, Ireland; Cardiff, Wales; Jackson, Michigan; Lynn, Massachusetts; Denver, Colorado—in fact, scores of libraries conduct yearly lecture courses.

They have Christmas festivals and May-pole parties in the branch libraries of St. Louis, Missouri.

It is only now and then a little old-fashioned library, tucked away in the corner somewhere, that abides by precedent and in content merely to collect books.

The development of the modern library is significant history. In the Dark Ages it existed for the sake of preserving books and conserving learning. With the invention of printing, books became common and libraries ordinary. The usual course with an innovation was followed: First came a rush to the libraries; then the familiarity which breeds contempt; then the swing of the pendulum in the other direction.

Here in our own country, library history's tide flows according to these laws. We had, first, libraries supported by subscription; then those supported by public tax, followed by a great wave of interest in library problems or technique. Associations of librarians were formed, library schools opened, and conferences held at all times and seasons to discuss ways and means of cataloguing and classifying, to determine how far the label should be from the bottom of the book, and how much to charge for overdue books. Librarians became technically mad.

With the opening of this century began the retreat. The public drifted away from books into the great outdoors: to the baseball game, the automobile, even the airship. The literary browser was looked upon as an anachronism; the real flesh-and-blood man had time only for his newspaper, his weekly digest, possibly the year's review of the greatest sellers.

Librarians worried. Circulation reports showed alarming illness; pulse-beats grew fainter and fainter. Something was wrong; but what was it? Library conferences, instead of considering ways of cataloguing, discussed ways of people. Somebody suggested that the librarians write the people books that dealt with the things which were attracting popular attention. The suggestion was unanimously adopted. The automobile man, the business man, the school teacher, the football player, the mother in the home—each was attacked with a carefully constructed library hit on his absorbing preoccupation.

The public came; but it didn't stay. Evidently it did not want to read books. Very well! What did the public want to do? It wanted to play, to be amused, to be recreaded; it wanted action, brisk and stirring. It wanted to gossip, debate, discuss, talk back. Again very well! The public library would give it what it wanted. Hence the moving picture show, the pinball rolls, the lecture courses and debates, the classes and business departments, the Christmas parties and May-pole Eureka! The scheme worked. The people came. The people stayed. The library became—a Social Centre!

The librarians caught themselves up. Was this what they wanted? Was this what a library was for? What was a public library, anyhow?

Charters were unscrupulously disregarded; dictionaries and encyclopedias were consulted. As a rule, they defined from the standpoint of the Middle Ages, before the invention of printing and the consequent flood of books. These definitions were declared outlawed by the time limit and were not admitted as arguments by the librarians who supported the social centre idea. Nothing damned those who favored what might be called the cultural interpretation of library's mission more than delving into charters. Their argument was refuted by

a quotation from the charter of the Redwood Library, of Newport, Rhode Island, founded in 1747, which said the purpose of that institution was "to inform the mind to reform the practice." A stroke of genius, that phrasing! It began to look as if that which we thought a distortion of the public library was simply an evolution—a natural fruit from a growing organism.

The public library of Cleveland, Ohio, has come to be, in a measure, the type of the cultural public library of America. It is one of the most progressive, successful, and popular in the country. It never lowers itself by catchy advertising; it is prevented by a clause in its charter from active use as a social centre. It issues bulletins generously and keeps in close, sympathetic touch with its patrons, but always with the frank purpose of raising the standard of reading.

Perhaps the attitude of this library is shown most clearly in its selection of stories to be told in the story hours given for children each week. In other libraries, the stories selected for telling are of a miscellaneous character, classic and near-classic combined, with an intermingling of biography, nature, science and travel. Each story told is selected as a sample of the treasures in the library to which it is deemed advisable to introduce children.

Not so in Cleveland. There only the classics are told to children; and they are told in cycles, and the same cycles are retold year after year. There is no attempt to use the story hour for advertising the library: it is used simply for the development of a taste for cultural reading. In

Cleveland they have trained story-tellers, who tell the Greek Myth Cycle, the Norse Myth Cycle, the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Nibelungenlied, and the King Arthur and Robin Hood legends. They tell what they know to be the best stories ever told; Cleveland considers this sort of training the mission of the public library.

The public library of St. Louis stands as a type of the other sort of institution; it is just as progressive, popular and successful as Cleveland, but it is more definitely a social centre than any other in the country. In a recent address before a social service conference, the librarian, Dr. Arthur E. Boettick, said that the work of the library was divided into two parts, educational and recreational, and that both were social service.

This social work reaches the highest mark in the branch libraries, because they are smaller and can come into more intimate relations with the neighbourhood in which they are located. Here are held club meetings, church conferences, Christmas festivals, May parties, school graduation exercises, cadet drills, mothers' meetings, classes, and so on through all the diverse interests of the usual social centre. The branch librarian makes a series of house-to-house visits, interesting the people in the library, and discovering by personal contact the needs and desires of her constituency.

"Whatever the public needs," says Dr. Boettick, "it is the duty of the public library to supply. The public library is a public utility."

The Biggest Idea Before Business To-day

The following is a highly condensed extract as published in the *Efficiency Magazine* from an address before a thousand New York business men by Herbert M. Casson:

What is Efficiency?

There are four periods in the life of a business. It begins, not with efficiency at all, but with an invention—some idea that

originates with some one man, like Fulton, who invented the steamboat; with Bell, who invented the telephone, or Morse, who invented the telegraph. They were not efficient men. They were inventors struggling with a new idea.

After the inventive period comes the period of development. Few men combine the inventive and developing faculties.

Carnegie couldn't invent. But he can take something somebody else has invented and develop it into a great business.

The third period is systematizing the organization, and the System period is the one in which we have been moving for the last ten or fifteen years. The inventive period seems to have been over. We don't invent, but we improve what has been invented, and we organize the men who have been working on it.

Now, we thought until the last few years that the last period in business was the period of System, and nothing could come after that. But we have found that there is something further than System—something further than organization and consolidation, and that is Efficiency.

In many lines we have clung to the policy of system until we have made it automation. We used to think, if we could only get men who worked like machines! Machines worked hard; made no mistakes. Therefore, I will make my men like machines. In fifteen years from now the students of business will say that is the greatest mistake we have made. Because there are things machinery cannot do. Machinery doesn't think! It is better to have somebody work for you who THINKS, and we are coming back from the thing to the think!

Let me give a definition in four words. Efficiency is a HIGHER PERCENTAGE OF NET RESULTS. It is not more hustling and more hurrying and more driving and more frenzied business. It's how to work with less energy—not more; with less effort—not more!

The capitalist puts first his capital—his dividends. The trade union puts first the working man and the wages. But the first thing in importance is the JOB. And neither the capitalist nor worker can have as high dividends or as high wages as they ought to have until they put an end to their senseless fighting and begin to think of the JOB! Think of the job, and you will raise dividends and wages and salaries.

The old method of manufacturing was simply a one-man system. The factory

was bossed by a manager and the line of authority was single and straight. The boss was supposed to know about everything, but as a matter of fact he didn't. No boss does. He was the boss only by authority, not knowledge.

The line of authority must be single and straight, but the line of knowledge can be a very different thing, and above the boss can be a number of young men who are specialists in different lines—functional foremen, as we call them. Every factory ought to have not only a boss, but also a "plant brain." Ten or fifteen men who are all specialists in some one thing ought to combine and plan and tell the boss what is the best thing to do.

In advertising the first lesson of efficiency is Attention. Take notice. The good advertising man is the man who notices everything.

The next lesson is this. There are three classes of the public to whom you can go—the Impossible, the Possible, the Dead Sure. The Impossibles are out of reach. The Dead Sures you needn't bother with. But advertise always to the Possible.

An advertisement is built like a house. There must be four elements in it—look, like, learn, buy. It must attract attention; must be pleasing; give information, and it MUST MAKE THE READER BUY THE GOODS.

There are three standpoints from which to write an advertisement—the standpoint of the advertiser, the goods and the public. If I say, "I want to sell gloves," that's bad. If I say, "My gloves are good," that's better. If I say, "You need to eat your glove bill down," that's best of all, because I'm talking from the public's viewpoint.

Efficiency means, in the larger sense, putting our civilization on the thought basis, not on the habit basis. Machinery is the thought arm, the thought muscle; the railroad is the thought feet; the telephone is the thought ear; the telegraph is the thought voice. And we are trying to put our lives upon a thought basis so that we shall act as intelligent beings."

How to Break in the New Man in Business

Experience, the proverb says, is a cost-taskmaster. He is all the more so because so much of what he charges is paid indirectly. The modern prophets of efficiency and scientific management consequently devise laborious methods of cutting down these indirect charges. Were the new employee, at the close of his first day's work, L. S. Weatherley remarks in *Business*, to walk into the cashier's office, unconcernedly take a five dollar bill, then drop into the stock room and appropriate stock to the same value, his ten-dollar trip would secure him an immediate discharge. Yet the intangible cost of breaking in a new employee may be even greater than ten dollars a day. The average employer rarely considers this indirect loss. Less than ten per cent of those who employ fifty or more workers give systematic attention to the problem of how to enable the employee to make his start at the least expense.

An experienced manager divides the errors most frequently made by a new employee into three groups. First, there is the actual loss in money. A new salesman goes out on the road without knowing how to travel his territory economically. This means an increase in expenses. He naturally fails to obtain the volume of business which could be secured. This also is an immediate loss which may be measured in dollars and cents. Second, and no less obvious, is the loss in material. A new designer is bound to make mistakes and destroy valuable fabrics. The new stenographer covers up her errors by rewriting faulty letters, using up needlessly a considerable amount of stationery.

Third, and most important, is the indirect loss. A new clerk offends an old customer; a new workman puts on responsible work holds back for fear of making a blunder that may be traced to him; a new department head violates the unwritten rules of the office and under-employees slow up in their work—a most insidious form of loss. The cost of the third group can only be computed. Shop employees, it is claimed, cost, on an average, twenty to thirty per cent of their wages the first three months. After this period the fig-

ures vary widely, according to the efficiency of the man.

Office employees make a better showing. The loss in their case is equivalent to from fifteen to eighteen per cent of their salaries, because the office is usually much better systematized than the shop. The "breaking-in-cost" of salesmen cannot be accurately determined. Frequently a salesman who is used to confront new problems every day falls, cat-like, on his feet at once. If he fails, the cost of breaking him in may equal or exceed his entire salary. Approximately one-fourth of the salaries paid to new employees in the first three months of their work is paid for nothing except experience.

Every efficient manager evolves methods of his own for decreasing the waste involved. The manager of a great mail order house thus describes his experience with a new employee:

"I had hired, as I thought, a very capable man, when I found he was making a great many errors. As I was checking up, as far as possible, the mistakes he had made, it occurred to me that not only had his immediate predecessor made about the same ones, but that every new department head—there had been four or five within the last six years—went through the same list of wrong inferences and actions. This led to an interesting investigation. I found that the list was made up of certain traditional errors that a new man was pretty sure to make; others that he was liable to make; while in another class were 'trapping' mistakes—not necessarily in the new man.

"While I had the investigation in hand, I made a list of probable errors for each department. When a new man was put in charge, not only did I have a series of talks with him about the mistakes he was liable to make, but a specific 'list of probable errors' with instructions how to avoid them, was one of the first things I gave him. This tended to place him sharply on his guard and effectively forestalled his coming to me with an excuse for making any of the errors against which I had warned him.

"Noting the success of this method, I later went further; I not only listed the probable errors, but added the best methods, not only of avoiding them, but of doing positive work in their place. Even further than that, I listed schemes which might look plausible, but would prove only time-wasters. Past records on trials of such schemes gave me a basis from which to do this, so I not only headed off any errors, but stopped the new employee from the waste incidental to following off blind leads. As a

result no department head comes to me now with a 'new' scheme that he has spent many hours and much gray matter on, only to find that it is of the vintage of '40—and failed, that at that."

Another manager dwells on the importance of imbuing the new employee with the firm's point of view. He carefully examines the work record of a supplanted employee with his immediate successor. "First," he says, "I take up the strong points of the former employee. I am par-

ticular to show with what certainty output of work is made known to us. This tends to impress upon the new employee the fact that in my business—as ours—there is no excuse for failure to get output, something that many otherwise good men tend to overlook. As the new man notes the daily record of output of the man preceding him together with my comments upon it, he is apt to make some pretty strong resolutions, not only to keep up the old record, but to go it considerably better."

Must Big Business Go?

What shall we do with the great industrial giants? Shall we regulate them or shall we destroy them? Frank Y. Glenday, writing in *The Outlook*, boldly affirms that Big Business must be crushed. If, he remarks, by some inexplicable caprice, nature should bring forth a prodigious human being of five hundred times the bulk and the strength of the average man, he would completely upset the usages of the community in which he lived. He would obstruct streets, ruin sidewalks, and smash men and trees beneath his feet.

To grant such a being the fundamental guarantees of equality before the law, and the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, would stretch the Constitution to the cracking point. Conduct that would be perfectly well-intentioned on his part would produce havoc among us. If he should cough, he might shatter windows and sash-frames—but surely one has a right to cough? If he should dive into a public bathing pool, bystanders might be drowned—but by what law could we brand his action as manslaughter? This seems grotesque extravagance no doubt. Yet, Mr. Glenday affirms, when we turn our thoughts to the world of commerce and trade, the fantastic disparity just sketched has an exact counterpart in reality. There are aggregations of capital engendered and directed by a single control of five hundred times the proportions and the power of the average unit of capital in the same business.

"No one can deny that a concern of \$100,000 is every day pitted in rivalry against an

organization of \$20,000,000, and if the issues of the contest can be made to turn upon sheer strength of capital, the annihilation of the former is as inexorable as destiny. The lesser can be, and is being, made to do so, and the small business enterprise is disappearing like the insects before an approaching storm. Moreover, with our present laws and the established rates and regulations, we seem to be powerless to control and restrain the discussions and orgies of commerce and trade as we would be compelled to with their physical counterparts in biology.

"Take a business that, because of the cost of transportation, is local in character, such as the manufacture and sale of brick or ordinary foundation stone. A concern with \$25,000 capital is operating successfully within a circle of one hundred miles radius. It is making and selling good brick at a price that is reasonably profitable to it and satisfactory to the public. It is a going and successful business, whether our viewpoint is the proprietor or the community. Its giant rival has, we will say, \$10,000,000 invested, not only in brick plants operating in ten or twenty different centers, including the one occupied by the smaller enterprise, but in the transportation of the product. Now if we grant that the enormous and financial strength of the small enterprises form the only resistance to the dominance of the large organization in that locality, it is obvious that big business, by lowering prices in that locality below the cost of production, can utterly destroy its small rival. Since a reduction in price will take the business, \$12,500,000 can force \$25,000 to share equally in a common loss that will ruin the latter."

This, the writer insists, is competition in losses. Under normal circumstances big business makes a big aggregate profit and the small enterprise makes a relatively small aggregate profit, and both prosper in proportion. When, however, industrial survival is made to depend upon the power to sustain mutual losses rather than to

gain proportionate profits, the disparity in capital is such that the loss which is only relative to the large concern is absolute to the small one.

"If the small rival could make price-cutting affect the entire volume of the trade, then the aggressor would be bound not equally well proportionately by big and little business. Big business, in a vein of lachrymose pessimism, would call that 'reinforced' competition. When the loss affects only a portion of the trade and results in the destruction of the small concern, that is called 'economic predomination' or a 'result of industrial evolution,' or it may be designated by any other malitious nomenclature. Where the business is not localized it is necessary for big business to procure a list of customers, and in selling to them at set prices to avoid the appearance of making a discrimination unfavorable to the welfare of its established trade. These things require some indirection and underhand to get the names and addresses of the customers, to pay the traveling clerk, or expenses. If big business is aiming at selling its own goods to these patrons, then it must make use of a dummy corporation ostensibly self-controlled and independent, but in fact a mere selling agency. Through this commercial agency the same goods under a fabricated brand, name, and package are offered at a ruinous and losing but compelling price."

When we turn from competition in losses to competition in profits we are confronted by an equally astonishing state of affairs. "Competition in losses," to quote Mr. Gladney, "means the death of little business, but competition in profits just as certainly implicates the death of big business." Big business, we are told, will not and can not tolerate competition in profits. Big business compels the dealers to close the market to outside enterprise. It uses its power to prevent little business from obtaining raw materials, machinery, etc.; and forces the railroads to discriminate in rates and our accommodation. When all these devices fail, Mr. Gladney insists, big business swings the club of competition in losses and, stalking amid the ruins of little business, soliloquizes on the wonders of economic predomination. The writer evokes again the image of his fancied Cyclops competing with one hundred workmen. The latter are forced to reduce their profits to a minimum. At last the monster reaches a point where he can no longer compete. What is to become of him? His temptation would be to seize his hammer and annihilate his rivals. But just now, the writer ironically remarks, we are writing

ing fiction, not truth. So we will say that Cyclops is relegated to the scrap-heaps of progress—huge, powerful, but inefficient.

"The situation of big business is precisely analogous to that of Cyclops in our fiction. Cyclops failed because his fixed, overhead charges exceeded his earnings when competition so profitably forced down the price of stones. Under the circumstances with which we are surrounded, his living requirements determine his capacity to produce or stand sharply. Appetite and nonproducing capacity. When a living organism requires for its sustenance more food than it can produce, it is overcapitalized. A parasite is over-capitalized one hundred per cent; it eats all the time, but produces as food. A honey bee is the counterpart of a parasite; it produces many times the amount of food required to sustain it. The parasite is the unattainable ideal of New Jersey and big business; the honey bee is the perfect and unrealizable ideal of unorganized industry.

"Going back now, Cyclops in our fiction was raised by a strained hypothesis. In dashing with big business we must not put away assumption and guess hypothesis. Here we will start with facts. The facts as to the discrepancy between fixed, overhead charges and earning capacity—i.e., the cost of competing over fixed-producing power—have been disclosed and indubitable. They have been compiled and set forth without bias toward big business. In the census of 1920 these are the figures on over-capitalization of industrial corporations:

Number of corporations listed	323
Number of plants	5,347
Par value of stock issued	\$1,085,203,288
Actual value of capital employed	1,458,532,578

"According to these figures, the actual amount of money invested in the part of the nation or world disclosed, i.e., where profits must be earned in order to enable big business to save its face. In strict arithmetical accuracy they may not represent the actual existing proportions. It makes no difference, they indicate what every one knows to be the fact, that big business has at its centre a big blow-hole, whether it be 50 per cent. or 25 per cent."

Adopting the foregoing figures as a convenient standard, it is evident that big business must earn enough profits out of an investment of \$47,000 to pay interest or dividends on \$100,00. Confronted with the excruciating alternative of perishing of inherent, incurable inefficiency or destroying by losses competition in profits, big business must do what Cyclops was tempted to do, namely, wield the huge bludgeon of competition in losses and use its immense power to close the market to outsiders.

"Such is the power of big business, such is its method of operation, such is the necessity for its destructive autocracy. The most painful fact remains to be stated: It cannot continue;

that it does not carry at its centre a huge air bubble, that it can gain a profit at a price below the reach of big business—bearing all this, it knows also that day by day in the taxes and sweat of frantic desperation it is being strangled by the terrible might of capitalist autocracy. To say that a small enterprise has a reciprocal right to compete in losses with big business is as affront to common sense. Such a right is parallel to the right of a guinea pig to trample as elephant. To say that a small dealer is free to accept or reject the excessive terms of big business is on a par with saying that the man with money in his pocket facing the black maw of a loaded revolver is free to surrender his money or not."

The Modern College Education

This sudden and enormous advance in the pursuit of technical studies, which have made the state universities formidable rivals to our older, privately endowed institutions, has aroused uncertainty as to the real object of collegiate training. Modern commercialism, which has said that you must touch liberal studies, if at all, in a utilitarian way, has swept in a mighty current through our American universities. The undergraduate is feeling increasingly the pressure of the outside modern world—the world set of values, bent of dollars. The sense of strain, of rush and of anxiety which generally pervades our business, our public and our professional life, has pervaded the atmosphere in which men should be taught first of all to think and to grow, says Clayton Sedgwick in the *Century*.

It is far easier to turn out of our colleges mechanical experts than it is to create men who are thoughtful, men who know themselves and the world. The value of the modern man to society does not depend upon his ability to do always the same thing that everybody else is doing.

The educated leader should be in advance of his period. Independence born of thoughtfulness and self-control should mark his thought and decision. The world looks to him for assistance in vigorously resisting those deteriorating influences which would commercialize intellect, corrupt ideas and dilute true culture.

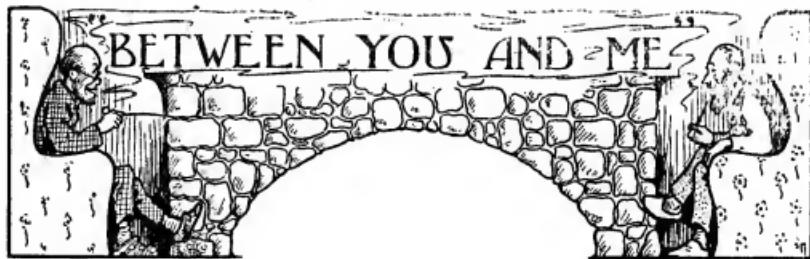
His hours of insight and vision in the

world of art, ideas, letters and moral discipline should assist him to will aright when high vision is blurred by the duties of the common day. His clearer conception of highest truth should lead him to hope when other men despair. Our colleges should train men who will be "trumpets that sing to battle" against all complacency, indifference and social wrong.

It is one thing for an undergraduate to go out from his insatiable expert in electrical science; it is quite another thing for him truly to discover the spirit of life itself, so that he is able to harmonize his expert ability with the broader and deeper life of the age in which he lives.

The pressing inquiry, then, for all undergraduate training is, Are we giving to our boys the kind of education which will fill their future life with meaning? A man must live with himself. He must be a good companion for himself. A college graduate, whatever his specialty should be able to spend an evening apart from the crowd. The theatre, the automobile, the lobster palace, were never intended to be the chief end of collegiate education.

A college course should give the undergraduate tastes, temperament and habits of reading. A graduate who studies to be a specialist in any line needs also the education which will give him depth, background and the historical significance of civilization and life in general.



DEPENDS ON HOW YOU SAY IT.

Bill (cheerfully): "Hello, Jack! Married yet?"

Jack (sadly): "Yes, married yet."

A SPRING WARNING.

"Here is a poem from a man in Sing-Sing."

"Print it to serve as a warning to other poets."

THAT PARAPLUIE.

"It was raining last night, and I went to two receptions. I had the bad luck to lose my umbrella at the second."

"Well, it was lucky you didn't lose it at the first."

"Oh, I got it there."

INSULTED.

A city visitor heard a farmer's wife say that she got up at four every morning, and the city visitor said, "You must go to bed with the chickens to be able to do that."

"Indeed, I have a nice house of my own," was the indignant reply.

A BRIGHT IDEA.

The head of the family had been reading an account of a rear-end collision on a railroad. As he laid the paper aside, he remarked, "I think that the last car on a train is always the most dangerous to ride in." Little Ethel, seated close by, passed several moments in deep thought. Then she looked up brightly. "Why don't they take it off, Papa?" she asked.

TAKING TO THE TALL TIMBER.

"Sisteren and bretheren," exhorted Uncle Abraham, a recent promotion from

the plow to the pulpit, "on de one side er dis here meetin'-house is a road leading to destruction, on de other is a road gwine to hell and damnation. Which you gwine pursoo? Dar is de internal question: Which is you gwine pursoo?"

"Law, Brer Aberham," spoke Sister Eliza from the back pew, "I speck I'm er gwine home thoo de woods!"

A MARINE'S RETORT.

A chaplain in our navy enjoys telling of his endeavors to induce a marine to give up the use of tobacco.

During a talk that ensued between the two, the chaplain had said:

"After all, Bill, you must reflect that in all creation there is not to be found any animal except man that smokes."

The marine sniffed. "Yes," he agreed, "and you won't find, either, any other animal in all creation that cooks its food!"

UNCONVINCED.

Mr. Howells, according to a story that he tells himself, shares the fate of the prophets and heroes who are more esteemed abroad than in their own households. He says:

I got into an argument one day with my wife on the propriety of using a certain word in a sentence. My wife maintained there was no authority in favor of my usage, and I held that there was. So, to end the matter, I took the dictionary and looked it up.

"Ah," I said, "here it is, with just the usage I employed," and I read the justifying quotation aloud. But my wife was still dubious. "Who wrote that?" she wished to know.

Again I studied the printed page. "Why, it says 'Howells.'"

"Oh," answered my wife, with triumphant scorn, "he's no authority!"